LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, his Majesty's Brother.
2. An elegant Library Bookcase tastefully coloured.
3. Three beautifully coloured Costumes for Ladies and Gentlemen.
4. An *Original Piece* of Music, by Thomas Clark, Esq.

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TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Fifteenth Number of this Work will be enriched with a correct Likeness of His Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, the Father of Our Most Gracious Sovereign, which, with the Portraits that have already illustrated this Magazine, will form the most interesting assemblage of Personages that ever adorned any Publication.

Many applications having been made to the Proprietors of this Magazine for Proof Impressions of the Portraits that form a part of this costly Work, the Proprietors beg leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, the Public, and the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, that any of the Proof Impressions of the Portraits, may be had at the Office, in Setts at 3s. each, or separately at 4s. 6d. each.

THE LITERATI

Are earnestly requested to contribute their labours to this Magazine. The Proprietors beg leave to inform them, that all the subjects, either *Reviews of Valuable Publications*, on the *Plan of the Edinburgh Review, or Communications of Interesting and Original Matter*, will be inserted, if approved of, and *liberally paid for*. At the same time they beg leave to observe, that no article will be inserted in *Le Beau Monde*, which is not excellent in its kind, and will bear the strictest examination. This Plan the Proprietors have been induced to adopt, to encourage Men of Talents to favour them with their Communications, and in order that their Work may tower above the Literary Productions of the Age.

The accomplished Authoress of the *Midnight Musings* will find them inserted in our next Number.

The Lines *to Sophia* would require considerable correction to render them acceptable either to their fair object, or to our Readers.

The Sunday Ramble is destitute of that correctness of rhyme, and that felicity of expression which are indispensable to short pieces of that species.

The Story of *Morton and his Son*, contains the groundwork for a pathetic Tale; but the whole performance is evidently too hasty to do any credit to the Author in print. He must introduce much greater accuracy into his language, and render his incidents far less abrupt and unnatural before he can afford pleasure to readers of taste.

The beautiful Lines to a Friend, on the future Education of her Child, will appear in our next Number.

The Lines *on the Death of Miss Louisa S——*, are intended for insertion.

The *Tributary Lines to the Memory of Miss W——*, contain great proof of affection and of pious feeling, but no considerable portion of poetical spirit.

The *Sonnet to a Rushlight* will meet with early insertion.

Whatever may be the beauty of several Stanzas on *The Maniac*, we are afraid that they are in general too destitute of Novelty, and that the whole is too long to be acceptable to our Readers.

Jamia and Maggy are intended for insertion, as is also *Air de Belle Raimonde.*

The Essay *On the Value of Reputation* has, we apprehend, too little interest.

We shall be happy to hear from the fair Correspondent who occasionally favour us with some interesting Drawings.

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Fourteenth Number.

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

IN drawing up a biographical sketch of his Royal Highness the late DUKE of CUMBERLAND, we feel ourselves compelled to adopt Dr. Johnson's amended version of the old Latin adage, and, instead of reading *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, read *de mortuis nil nisi verum*. Truth, it cannot be too often repeated, is the grand beauty of all historical compositions; and though it may sometimes be a matter of discretion not to say all that is known of living characters, the same objection does not hold good with respect to the dead, for they, being far beyond the reach of censure or of praise, cannot be injured by the attacks of the malevolent, or be made proud by the flatteries of the servile. If it be a crime to let the virtues of the great sleep in the grave, and not record them for the instruction and example of posterity, it is surely no less injurious to the interests of society to let the faults of the great sleep in the grave with them, and not hold them forth as objects of warning to others. In this spirit we shall proceed to give a sketch of the character of the late DUKE of CUMBERLAND; a man certainly not without many amiable and excellent qualities, though disfigured with many faults and eccentricities of conduct.

His Royal Highness PRINCE HENRY FREDERICK, fourth son of Frederick Prince of Wales, and brother of our present most gracious Sovereign, was born on the 7th of November, 1745, a year that will long be memorable in this country for the daring attempt made by the House of Stuart to recover the throne of their ancestors. It has generally been supposed that the education of the late DUKE of CUMBERLAND was not equal to his birth, and indeed there are reasons upon *record* which support this supposition; but we cannot take upon us to determine whether the defects in his Royal Highness's education proceeded from want of capacity or application in the pupil, or from want of judgment and skill in those whose duty it was to have checked his wayward inclinations, and stored his youthful mind with the rudiments of knowledge and virtue. The general opinion of his contemporaries acquits his tutors of negligence or incapacity in the discharge of their duty, and it is too late, we fear, now to attempt to rescue the intellectual character of the Duke from the imputations it laboured under while he was living. What Foote was in the realms of wit, the DUKE of CUMBERLAND is supposed to have been in the opposite realms; and as more witty and brilliant sallies were reported of Foote than of any man of his day, so more dull and senseless blunders were ascribed to his Royal Highness than to any other man of his time. It is very probable that not a tenth

part of the foolish expressions imputed to the Duke were ever uttered by him, but it was his misfortune to have acquired so indelible a reputation of want of discretion, both in acting and speaking, that the *faux pas* or mistakes of others were often confidently attributed to him when really innocent, and in his person was centered a full and unenviable monopoly of all that was absurd or foolish in high life.

The DUKE of CUMBERLAND, like his royal brother of York, made choice of the naval service for his profession, and through the indulgence shewn to his near affinity to the crown, rose rapidly to the highest ranks in the service. As this occurred in time of profound peace, it would swell our memoir to an inconsistent length to recapitulate the ships which had the honour of bearing his Royal Highness's flag, or to give the dates of his cruises from Portsmouth to Plymouth, and of his returns to Torbay or Spithead. It is sufficient for us to say, that his Royal Highness does not appear to have been much attached to a maritime life. Indeed, the life of a seaman differs so essentially from that of a landsman, that it is almost impossible for any one who has not been accustomed to a naval life at an early period, to enter with zeal, alacrity, and pleasure, into maritime habits. But if the DUKE of CUMBERLAND did not distinguish himself in every respect as a thorough-bred sailor, he had an abundant share of one quality on which sailors peculiarly pride them, and, we believe, with justice—attachment to the fair. Of an ardent and sanguine temperament, his Royal Highness early distinguished himself in the annals of gallantry, but his conquests were ignoble or unknown, till some time in the year 1769 the transcendant charms of the Countess of G——, then in the meridian of her beauty, fired his breast, and made him one of the most arduous and passionate, and at the same time, one of the most indiscrete lovers, that our courts of justice perhaps can give an example of.

We do not wish to revive an antiquated scandal, but as the life of his Royal Highness the late DUKE of CUMBERLAND would be thought imperfect without some allusion to his affair with Lady G——, we shall give such a succinct account of that transaction as appears to us best calculated for the nature of our work, excluding from it whatever, though proper and necessary for juries to listen to on trials, ought not to appear in a work designed for general instruction and entertainment. The celebrated cause on which a noble Earl, not long dead, was plaintiff, and the Royal subject of these memoirs, defendant, came on before Lord Mansfield, July 5th, 1770, in the Court of King's Bench; and the damages were laid at one hundred thousand pounds. It appeared from the evidence brought forward by the noble plaintiff, that some intercepted letters first awakened his suspicion of his lady's honour. These letters were read in court, and their contents, certainly as far as written evidence could be received, tended to establish a criminal intercourse between the parties. As letters *certainly not intended for publication*, these *amatory billets* did not perhaps deserve so severe a criticism as they were destined to encounter: the critics of the day, in the genuine spirit of that *liberal* profession, were less shocked at the facts they disclosed, than at the false grammar and mistaken orthography of the royal writer. A man who is dragged before the bar of the public, very reluctantly, as in this instance it may be believed, must have felt his misfortune doubly aggravated by his *litteræ scriptæ* thus adduced in evidence against him. What man would allow, if he could avoid, his private correspondence to be disclosed? The Duke's letters were very fair subjects of *criticism* doubtless to the jury before whom they were laid, but they ought not to have been subjects of criticism before the ordinary literary tribunals. Had his Royal Highness, in order to give more *eclat* to his amour, stepped forward and published his epistles, at once to shew his affection for the lady who had won his regard, and to entitle his name to a nich in the catalogue of royal and noble authors, he would have rendered himself a fair subject for criticism. His style, his phraseology, his *noble* contempt of the idioms of our language, might then have frankly been discussed; but to treat with the severity of a literary production, what, confessedly on all hands, was never meant to meet the public eye; what want of generosity, what marked prejudice, what studied and calculating design to vilify and degrade! yet such were the critics of former times. Nor ought the noble plaintiff, or what is now the same thing, the memory of the noble plaintiff in this cause, to go without its just share of reprehension! Did he bring forward, through sad necessity, the letters of the Royal Duke? were they necessary to establish his plea? were they, though with reluctance, to be brought forward, forward for the sole purpose of substantiating his injuries?—nothing of the sort. The adultery of Lady G—— was clearly proved, as well as any matter of such a kind could be proved; it

was even proved by arts which an honourable mind, in our view of such subjects, would perhaps have disdained to have had recourse to; yet with all these circumstances before him, without any possible benefit to his cause, did the Earl of G—— bring forward the correspondence between the Duke and his Lady before a court of justice. It is wholly unnecessary for us to repeat the evidence which proved the criminal intercourse between his Royal Highness and Lady G——, because it is to be found in various publications, and as we have already said, we have no wish to revive antiquated scandal; but as one doctrine held by Lord Mansfield, on this memorable occasion, excited a vast degree of reprobation, namely, that the jury assessing damages ought not to consider the quality of the defendant, but to consider the *quantum* of damages which the plaintiff was entitled to receive, we must honestly declare that what Lord Mansfield advanced was sound law, and that in a civil action for adultery, the question to be tried is not the quality of the person committing the injury, but the *quantum* of suffering inflicted on the person sustaining the disgrace. This doctrine was not so well established at this period when Lord Mansfield presided in the Court of King's Bench, as it has been since, and, therefore, though repeated instances were brought forward of criminal neglect of the conjugal vow, on the part of Lord G—— himself, yet a verdict was returned in his favour of ten thousand pounds damages.

The public attention had scarcely ceased to be occupied with this remarkable trial, when the eyes of the world were again turned on his Royal Highness, on account of his marriage, contrary to royal etiquette, with a lady of inferior rank, the widow of a gentleman named Norton, and daughter of Lord Irnham, an Irish peer, afterwards advanced to the dignity of Earl of Carhampton. This marriage, there can be no doubt, was highly offensive to their Majesties and to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, it was equally so to the people of England. The family of Mrs. Norton (that of Lutterel) at the time of her union with the DUKE of CUMBERLAND, was, perhaps, the most unpopular in the nation. Colonel Lutterel, her brother, a short time before had opposed Mr. Wilkes at the Middlesex election, and, though far behind the popular candidate in point of numbers, had been declared by the House of Commons the sitting Member. This decision excited the most alarming discontents throughout the nation, and nothing could exceed the detestation in which Lutterel and all in any way connected with him were held. The eloquent pen of Junius, was day after day employed to render his name odious, and the Wilkesites and minor politicians of that turbulent period, circulated a thousand degrading or ridiculous anecdotes at the expence of his family. They who complain of the present licentiousness of the press, would do well to look into the newspapers and pamphlets of the year 1770, (the year of his Royal Highness's marriage) and compare them with those that issue from the press at the present day.—We shall not preserve any of the coarse invectives that were showered on his Royal Highness, for what, to say the worst of it, was no more than an ill-sorted marriage. Had his choice fallen on any other person than a sister of Colonel Lutterel, the public probably would scarcely have noticed the circumstance, and many, perhaps, would have been found, who would have approved his conduct and his boldness in despising forms, and chusing for himself. But, as it happened, the lady's near relationship to an obnoxious character, rendered this marriage as displeasing to the people at large as to the Court, and the DUKE of CUMBERLAND was irrecoverably sunk in the public esteem.

Soon after his marriage, his Royal Highness, having in vain solicited the King to acknowledge the Duchess and receive her at Court, set out for the Continent with his consort. An offer was made by his Majesty to provide the Duke with an establishment suitable to his rank at the electoral palace of Herenhausen, but his Royal Highness thought proper to decline, and he continued to reside abroad, as a private nobleman, with little intermission, for several years. Being an enthusiastic admirer of music, and a scientific performer, his Royal Highness spent much of his time in Italy, and formed a large and very valuable collection of music and musical instruments. Indeed, from the time of his marriage, he seems entirely to have given up the pursuit of gallantry, and to have devoted himself to the cultivation of the elegant and fascinating science of music. Musical professors of all denominations were sure of meeting with a welcome reception at his hands, and he patronized the meritorious with a warmth that did honour to his heart. It would be injustice to the memory of his Royal Highness not to say, that, though in two prominent instances of his life he appeared both culpable and imprudent, there was in his conduct towards his dependants much to praise, and his faults seem to have proceeded more from weak-

ness of understanding, from the defects of his education, and his rank which exposed him to temptation, and afforded him the means of gratification in abundance, than from any depravity of heart, or inherent corruption of disposition. There was one trait in the character of the Duke, which, though apparently trifling in its nature, evinced a sense of decorum, and a value for the proper relations of life, that deserved to be recorded, and can never be considered as the feature of a weak and frivolous mind. His Royal Highness was in habits of the most familiar condescension with persons by no means distinguished either for their rank or talents, and a haughty capricious pride formed no part of his character; but though he would treat with the most gracious affability such persons, whenever he found them engaged in their proper province, and upon proper occasions, yet, if he saw that they neglected the duties of their profession, or entered too warmly into the career of pleasure, he always withdrew his countenance, and upon that account alone would wholly relinquish connection with them, and, however previously intimate, never afterwards behaved to them as if they had been honoured with his notice before.

His Royal Highness returned to England a short time previous to the breaking out of the war with France, in 1777, and was formally reconciled to his Majesty, but the Duchess was never received at Court. Though the Duke had now abandoned the pursuit of gallantry himself, yet he had no objection to be employed in facilitating the amours of others; accordingly we learn from the Memoirs of the late Mrs. Robinson, that he was one of the confidential persons who assisted to bring about a connection between the Prince of Wales and that lady, and laboured as zealously to promote the wishes of his royal nephew as he could have done had the intrigue been his own. How successful he was the world has long known; but his share in this affair of gallantry, would probably have for ever been buried in obscurity, had it not been divulged in the posthumous work of the once beautiful, but ill-fated Perditta.

His Royal Highness never engaged in politics, except during the King's indisposition, when a Regency was under consideration, and then he espoused with great warmth the pretensions of the Prince of Wales.

Cumberland House was at this period the head quarters of all who supported the claims of the Prince of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess consequently were vehemently assailed by those who were unfavourable to his Royal Highness's pretensions.

It may be said that the DUKE of CUMBERLAND was the founder of Brighton, for previous to his purchasing a villa there, that place was little known or frequented; but undoubtedly the most prominent improvements at Brighton, have been owing to the taste and munificence of the Prince of Wales, and to the influx of company which the attraction of his presence has drawn to that delightful marine retreat.

The concluding scene of his Royal Highness's existence exhibited more constancy and firmness of mind than might have been expected from a previous knowledge of his habits and character. On the evening preceding his death, he had come to town from his lodge in Windsor; and so far was he from having any idea of his approaching dissolution, that his band were ordered up to town for a concert in Pall Mall on the same night, and he had appointed to meet his hounds to hunt at Windsor Lodge the next morning; but in alighting from his carriage in Pall Mall, he found himself so excessive weak, that he exclaimed, "*I feel now* "*that I am going.*" In the course of the night he expressed himself in the most affectionate and tender manner to the Duchess, (who sat up with him), for her unwearied attention to him through his indisposition; he also returned thanks to all his attendants, for their care and assiduity towards him; and recommending himself fervently to the Divine Being, he departed this life with the greatest serenity, without the least struggle or emotion, even without the observance of those who were more immediately about him, the vital spark having left him a few moments before they perceived he was dead. His Royal Highness's death was caused by a disorder which had broken upon him a short time before with uncommon virulence. An eating ulcer had entirely destroyed the palate, and inspired the right lobe of the lungs; but the viscera were in a state of perfect sanity. His disorder prevented him from swallowing any thing but liquids for near a month previous to his decease. At the commencement of his illness he was advised to repair to Weymouth in order to try the salt water; but other physicians (and who differ so widely in their opinion as medical men?) were of opinion, that sea-bathing, which in some cases is as pernicious as in others it is salutary, would accelerate his death, and therefore the journey was not undertaken.

His Royal Highness died on the 8th of Sep-

tember, 1790; and his remains, after laying two days in state, were deposited with great funeral pomp and solemnity, in the vault of the chapel of Henry the VIIth, in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of the same month, by torch light, at ten o'clock at night.

His Royal Highness was DUKE of CUMBERLAND and STRATHERN, in Great Britain, EARL of DUBLIN, in Ireland, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, an Admiral of the White squadron, and Ranger of Windsor Great Park. He left no issue by the Duchess, who shortly after his demise retired to the Continent, where she still continues to reside, and enjoys a pension of four thousand pounds per annum, granted her by the bounty of his Majesty and Parliament.

HISTORY.

OF THE PORTUGUESE NATION.

IN the present crisis of affairs, so portentous to the kingdom of Portugal; threatening not only its existence as an independant state, and its exposure to the marauding visit of a French military ambassador, attended by a suite of forty thousand armed secretaries! but even shewing us more fully, if that was necessary, that the bitter and irreconcilable enemy of England, is determined to shut every port against us where his arms *can* reach.—A slight historical sketch of that devoted country, we should presume, will not be undeserving of the attention of our numerous and fashionable readers.

In the columns of a work, such as ours, where variety *must* be the order of the day, and where we feel ourselves called upon by inclination as well as politeness to pay attention to the favours of our many valuable and obliging correspondents, it would be impossible for us to dilate much on the early and middle ages of the history of our ancient ally; nor would we obtrude upon our readers, a mere skeleton of chronological events, but to unite perspicuity with conciseness, we shall divide our historical essay into three distinct eras: The first of these will be from the earliest accounts, until the reign of John, in 1420, a period when the discovery of the polarity of the magnet, with its application to the purposes of navigation, together with the discovery of Madeira, followed by the daring enterprizes of a Gama, a Cabral, and an Albuquerque, opened a new road to the east, not for Portugal alone, but for all the enterprizing sons of Europe.

The second era will embrace the two succeeding centuries until the accession of the House of Braganza in 1640; and in recording the invasion and conquest of Portugal by a Spanish army, in 1580, will afford us some grounds for speculation on the probable result of such an attempt at the present day.

The third, and certainly most interesting period, will naturally bring us to the commencement of their political relation with this country; a relation, which they have always endeavoured to maintain with religious strictness, against both the force and artifice of the family compact in the 17th century, as well as the insidious menaces of Republican France in later times.

Portugal, in length 300, and in breadth 100 miles, was *formerly*, with the exception perhaps of Ireland and Sardinia, the smallest kingdom in Europe; but it is almost as impossible as it would be futile, to ascertain its present relative rank and situation, in this everchanging political phantasmagoria of states and empires, where so many royal puppets dance their day in the imperial gallantee show-box, whilst Europe herself is torn to pieces like a dissected map; and where we have the incongruities of republics governed by emperors, of kings without kingdoms, of one kingdom scarcely so large as an English county; and of another carrying double, like the two kings of Brentford.

The situation of Portugal, in respect to its climate as well as its geographical position, is favourable to industry and commercial enterprize; but the modern Portuguese in degenerating from the military characteristics of their ancestors, seem also callous to all those stimuli which would produce honest exertion and a decided national character: how far the as-

cessity of their present *dilemma*, may prompt them to resolve, or may animate them to execute, must remain for the future historian to relate.

The modern Portugal comprehends the greatest part of the ancient Lusitania, which, according to *Pomponius Mela*, was one of the three divisions of Spain: its earliest history (being indeed that of Spain also) is enveloped in obscurity and fable. Pliny tells us that it took its name from *Lusus*, a companion of Bacchus, who, we may presume, fixed his residence at Oporto; and he further informs us that Olyssippo, the modern Lisbon, was honoured with its appellation from Ulysses himself, who built it during his stay in the river Tagus; but why Ulysses in his voyage from Troy to Ithaca, should pass the Streights of Gibraltar to visit Portugal, unless he was on a secret expedition, has not been handed down to us by that historian.

Ricciolus and some later writers, trusting to the accuracy of Josephus, have asserted that Tubal, the Grandson of Noah, first peopled the ancient Hispania; and it has been said by Terentius Varro, that the *Iberians* first came from Persia, into those western regions of Europe.

Leaving those idle tales for the nursery, we may believe with Bochart, that the Celtæ coming out of Tartary into Gaul, found their way across the Pyrennees into Spain, and ultimately into the territory of which we are now speaking.

That the Phenicians, in their early coasting voyages, have visited this country is extremely probable; and we find, by the accounts of the Roman historians, that the Carthaginians not only visited it for commercial purposes, but having, under Hamilcar, conquered the greatest part of what was then included under the general name of Hispania, kept possession of it, until the second Punic war, when it fell under the power of the Romans.

Lusitania experienced the fate of the different provinces of the Roman Empire, submitting alternately to the emperor of the day, until the time of Honorius, about the year 400, when the Roman Empire was overrun by the northern invading nations, who, like a torrent, poured into the fertile countries of southern Europe, with terror in their front, desolation accompanying their progress, ignorance and barbarism bringing up their rear.

The character of the people, thus overturning the power and polity of the ancient Romans, was quite the reverse of that of the invaded. The hordes of the north, (undebauched by luxury, stimulated by a martial ardour, and in the intimate mixture of their social and military institutions, shewing the germs of that chivalrous spirit, and that feudal subordination, which for so many ages afterwards, formed the general character of Europe) were alike superior to their enemies in their bodily temperance, as in the virtues of the mind; at least, notwithstanding the dreadful accounts transmitted to us by the historians of the middle ages; we have reason to believe that a strong spirit of liberty and glory, was accompanied by a strict regard to the purity of the marriage bed, and of high respect for the chastity of the fair sex, together with a friendly hospitality, and a generous detestation of falsehood and treachery.

In the course of a century Spain and Portugal were overrun by the Vandals and Suevi, who soon destroyed even the remains of literature, laws, arts, and manners of the Roman establishments; and in the beginning of the sixth century were followed by the Visigoths, who possessed themselves of the whole Peninsula, thus forming a new empire and a new people. Portugal of course formed a large part of this new kingdom, and under these princes became totally Christian. The clergy having all the learning of the time, soon became possessed of more power than the princes themselves; as not only the ecclesiastical and civil regulations were under their influence, but even in politics and in the descent of the Crown, which was not always in the hereditary line, they were able often to equal the power of the nobles, which gave rise to crimes, tumults, and revolutions.

The manners of the Visigoths thus became more ferocious, a whole catalogue of new vices assumed the place of their ancient virtues, assassination either accompanied, or followed the deposal from the throne, and the people were the victims of bigotry, tyranny, and a restless anarchy.

In 585, the crown was on the head of Leovigild, who was brave, and successful in his wars against the Suevi, but who disgraced his character by domestic cruelty, putting his son Hermenegild to death, for embracing the Catholic in opposition to the Arian creed. He was succeeded by Recared, who also abjured Arianism.

In 612, Sisebert extended the power of the Visigoths, not only over Spain and Portugal, but carried his arms even into Mauritania. Chintila succeeded, who banished all the Jews from Portugal. We need only mention the

names of Recuisent, Wamba, &c. until Witiza, in 710, who was dethroned in a civil war, by Roderic, who himself was soon the victim of a new power. Roderic having dishonoured the daughter of Count Julian, the latter, in revenge, applied for assistance to the Saracens, who, coming from Arabia, had made themselves masters of Mauritania in Africa. The opportunity of acquiring a footing in a fertile country was not neglected, and the fate of the Peninsula was decided by the battle of Xeres, in Andalusia, in the year 712. Roderic was dethroned, the Visigoths were soon totally subdued, and Portugal yielded to the conquerors. To trace exactly the history of Portugal, whilst under the Moorish dominion, would be but to follow the Spanish history. The few remaining Gothic Christians fled into the northern parts of Portugal and the Asturias; whilst the rest of the country was entirely inhabited by the Moors, until the reign of Almanzor, in 756. This prince, by his attention to the sciences, as then cultivated by the Arabs, gave a stimulus to genuine learning, for which we are even to this day indebted to him; he also shewed his wisdom by putting a stop to the persecution of the Christians, and encouraging intermarriages between them and his Mahometan subjects.

The death of Almanzor, and the subsequent division of his empire amongst his children, produced dissensions, which gave fresh spirits to the Christians, who, under Alphonso, had established the kingdoms of Leon and Oviedo. The kingdom of Navarre was also founded under Garcias Ximenis, in 758. Portugal, however, with the southern part of Spain, remained in the possession of the Moors, between whom and the Christian chieftains there was a constant warfare.

Alphonso the Great having resigned his crown to his eldest son Garcias, died in 912; and in 938 the Moors lost fourscore thousand men in the battle of Linrances, where they were defeated by Ramiros the IId.

A long and bloody contest was, however, still carried on between the Christians and Mussulmen, in which the Cid Don Roderigo eminently distinguished himself; and the success was various until the reign of Alphonso the Sixth, King of Leon and first of Castile, who, having demanded assistance from all the Christian princes against the Moors, was soon joined, amongst other noble adventurers, according to the custom of the times, by Henry, a younger son of Robert Duke of Burgundy, of the blood royal of France, as descended from Hugh Capet; though some writers assert that he was of the House of Lorraine.* The gallantry of Henry was of signal service in the expulsion of the Moors from the greatest part of Portugal; and no less successful in the royal bower than in the tented field, he soon won the heart of Theresa, the natural daughter of Alphonso. Impelled by gratitude, and a desire to retain the services of his friend, Alphonso not only gave him his daughter in marriage, but put him in immediate possession of all that part of Portugal which was under the power of the Christians, and which had changed the ancient name of Lusitania, for its more modern appellation derived from Portus, or Oporto, and Cales the name of its Most Northern District.

The territory thus conceded to Henry, contained the provinces of Entremintro Douro, and Tralos Montes, together with the remainder of that country, even to the river Guadiana, provided he could complete the conquest of it. This latter part contained that country which is still considered as part of Portugal, though called the kingdom of Algarva, and forms the most fertile and best inhabited part of the kingdom, with the exception of these districts immediately around Lisbon and Oporto. Alphonso also bestowed on his brave son-in-law, the title of Count or Earl of Portugal, though obliging him not only to acknowledge the Kings of Castile as his sovereign feudal Lords, but also to attend them to the wars, when required, with a force of 300 horse—a force comparatively small in these days, and which seems to shew that even the general population then was on a very circumscribed scale. Thus Portugal first began to make her appearance, though not as an independant, yet as a distinct state, in the history of the modern ages. Henry died in the year 1112, leaving one son, Alphonso.

Alphonso, at the death of his father, being an infant; the regency was given during his minority to Ferdinand Paciz, Count of Trastamare, a powerful and ambitious nobleman, who had contrived to marry Theresa, the Dowager Countess, and by that means assumed the total administration of the government. Henry, on his coming of age, was anxious to extricate himself from the trammels of his father-in-law; he accordingly, by the assistance of his friends and partizans, drove Trastamare out of his Earldom, and imprisoning his mother, took on himself the government of Portugal. Theresa, though in prison,

* Cluverius calls him *Dux Lotharingiæ et Limburgi Comes*.

found means to call to her assistance Alphonso the Seventh of Castile, who marched with a large army against the Count of Portugal; but a battle being fought in which the Spaniards were defeated, the young Count, thinking himself freed from the homage due to Castile, as his Sovereign Lord, openly proclaimed his independence. An agreement being patched up, between the contending powers, Alphonso found himself at liberty to commence hostilities against the Moors, who still possessed the banks of the Tagus, and the country to the southward of it. He therefore attacked the territories of Ismar the Moor, and in a decisive battle fought in the plains of Ourique, defeated the allied Moorish army, under the command of Ismar, and four other confederate kings. This victory was followed by the conquest of all Algarva, as far as the mountains, though the Moors still retained possession of the southern coast. Elated by his success and the idol of his soldiers, Alphonso was proclaimed king of Portugal by his army; and to commemorate his assumption of regal dignity, as well as to perpetuate the victory which raised him to it, he ordered five shields to be quartered in the arms of Portugal, in allusion to the five Moorish royal standards which were taken in the battle of Ourique.

The Pope, who, like his predecessors, acted as a receiver of stolen goods, claimed as usual part of the spoils; and under the old claim of the Church to all lands conquered from the infidels, asserted his superiority over Portugal as a fief of the Holy See. The new king, anxious to call even the superstition of the times to his aid, gladly did homage for his Crown, paying two marks of gold as an annual tribute. And for this he received a Bull of confirmation from his Holiness.

Alphonso the First, after a long and glorious reign as the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, died in the eightieth year of his age, and in the year 1185.

Sancho the First, his son, succeeded him, and as the Moors still retained part of these provinces, which he considered as his own, he was engaged in a constant warfare, but yet found means to build many towns, and by different immunities to draw towards them a considerable number of inhabitants. He died in 1212, and was succeeded by his son.

Alphonso the Second, surnamed the Fat, had but a short reign of eleven years, distinguished by nothing but the capture of Alcassar from the Moors, and his voyage into the Holy Land, to join in the war of the Cross. He died in 1223.

Sancho his son was so extremely indolent, that he was deposed by the Portuguese; and on his deserting the kingdom, by flying to Toledo, his brother Alphonso, was made regent of the kingdom of Portugal.

Alphonso continued regent for some years, but on the death of Sancho, he assumed the crown. Alphonso the Tenth then sat upon the throne of Castile, and the two courts being now on friendly terms, the Castilian monarch bestowed his natural daughter, Beatrice, on Alphonso of Portugal, giving her as dower, the kingdom of Algarva, which had been lately conquered by the Spanish arms. As a memorial of this match, with its annexed grant of territory, an armorial addition was made by the crown of Portugal, being a bordure *Gules*, charged with castles *Or*; but at present these castles are blazoned as seven only in number. Alphonso was naturally active, and in his wars with the Moors, added to his original dominions. He died in 1279, and was succeeded by his son Dionysius, who closed a long reign of forty-six years, anno. 1325. Dionysius was an ornament to his kingdom, and gave repeated proofs of his liberality and justice; he gave the greatest encouragement to the arts, and founded the University of Coimbra.

Alphonso the Brave succeeded his father, but under very unfavourable circumstances. The late king had left a natural son, who, from his courage and some good qualities, was a great favourite with the people: prompted by false hopes, he headed an insurrection, but after various turns of fortune was defeated, and obliged to fly the kingdom. Alphonso, in the prosecution of his wars against the Moors, joined his forces to those of Spain, and was present himself at the decisive battle of Sellado; in which the Moorish Princes, who had formed a junction of all their powers, were totally defeated, losing, according to the Spanish historians, two hundred thousand men. That the population of the whole Peninsula could have furnished so many fighting men, is extremely doubtful; indeed, we must make some allowance for that love of the ornamental, to which historians in general sacrifice largely. Alphonso, though a conqueror in the field, had yet one more powerful enemy to subdue—himself—to this enemy, unfortunately, he yielded; and, in a paroxysm of anger, committed a deed which will for ever stain his name with infamy. His son Peter, who is described as a

young Prince of the most amiable disposition in early life, became enamoured of the lovely and unfortunate Agnes de Castro, of a noble family in Portugal. Fearing his father's displeasure he married her privately; but Alphonso hearing the tale, from some of those wretches who will find their way into the most virtuous courts, soon procured the death of the fair, but ill-fated Agnes. Peter, losing all respect for his father and king, endeavoured to revenge the murder of his wife, by engaging in a rebellion, which caused much blood to be shed on both sides. The nobles wearied of a civil war, promoted an accommodation, and Peter succeeded his father in the year 1357.

His subjects and cotemporary historians have affixed to Peter the epithet of cruel; but this character may have arisen, in some measure, from his strict regard to justice, in his enforcing the most severe and certain punishments on all offenders, by which he introduced a regularity and order into the general police of the country. His conduct, indeed, to those who had been concerned in the murder of his beloved wife, displayed many marks of barbarity; but when we recollect his injuries, as well as the manners of the times, we shall, perhaps, be disposed to mix some degree of pity with our abhorrence.

It may here be worthy of remark, that the two kingdoms of Castile and Portugal were each governed by a Prince named Peter, each Prince having the epithet of cruel. The Castilian monarch was murdered by his brother Henry, the bastard, who usurped the throne; and on Peter of Portugal's death, in 1368, Ferdinand, his son and successor, claimed the sovereignty of Castile, in right of his descent from Beatrice, daughter of Alphonso the Tenth. The bastard assembled a large army, marched into Portugal, and committed dreadful devastations, which obliged Ferdinand to withdraw his claim; but the death of Henry giving the Castilian throne to his son John, Ferdinand renewed his pretensions, and having called to his assistance John Duke of Lancaster, son of the British monarch, Edward the Third, and who had married Constance, daughter of the deceased Peter of Castile, he attacked the Spaniards with such success, that at last a compromise was agreed on; John, King of Castile, espoused Beatrice, the daughter of Ferdinand, who had no issue male, and it was stipulated that the crown of Portugal should descend to the children of Beatrice. In 1383, the house of Burgundy failed in the male line by the death of Ferdinand.

His demise produced much misfortune to the Portuguese; for the widow of Ferdinand, Eleonora, immediately married her favourite, the Duke of Andeira. This caused much uneasiness in the country, as it had been settled that the Queen Dowager should hold the Regency during the minority of the grandson, the son of Beatrice, and the Castilian King. Under these circumstances, John, a natural son of the late Peter, formed designs upon the crown, and procured the murder of Andeira; but this was of little service to him at first, as the nobles in the interest of the Queen Dowager, called upon John of Castile to assume the government, as natural guardian to his own son.

The Spanish monarch, in support of his claim, marched an immense army into Portugal, and besieged the city of Lisbon, but was obliged to raise the siege from a sickness which proved fatal to great part of his army. John, the bastard, was proclaimed king, and having defeated the Castilians, at Aliubarotta; his victory was so decisive as to fix him securely on the throne, and thus form a new era in Portuguese history; the day itself having long continued as the subject of annual commemoration.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ANALYSIS OF LONGINUS'S TREATISE ON THE SUBLIME.

(*Concluded from page* 128.)

LONGINUS has occupied one chapter of his Treatise, in the discussion of a question which, since his time, has been frequently agitated, and, perhaps, scarcely ever understood even in its terms: "Whether faultless mediocrity be preferable to the Sublime, that is "accompanied by defects." At the outset of this argument we may say that there is a contradiction in the terms of the question: for it is a real fault, not to have great beauties in a

work whose subject is susceptible of them. Once more this passage may be cited as a further and final proof of the opinion which we have supported throughout this analysis, that Longinus, in this Treatise on the Sublime, means to treat of the sublime understood as a lofty and sustained style, and not of the sublime, understood as a single flash, a momentary light, which if it could in its nature be obscured by concomitant faults, would be no longer a light, and could no longer be denoted by the word sublime. We flatter ourselves that this internal testimony will be quite sufficient to substantiate the statement that we made in the outset of our analysis, with regard to the construction of the word sublime, as employed by our author.

He draws a parallel then, between works which are of an irreproachable mediocrity, and those which have faults and inequalities in their habitual elevation. It is impossible to help feeling an instantaneous inclination to the unequal sublime: hesitation itself would be unpardonable. "Those who mount very high, "may be forgiven," says Longinus, "if they "sometimes fall, and those who possess im- "mense riches, may be excused if they neglect "a little of it. He who commits no faults "will never be reproved; but he who pro- "duces no beauties will never be admired. It "is not to be wondered at, if he who never "rises, does not fall; but we naturally admire "what is great, and one magnificent passage "in our best writers, is sufficient to redeem all "their faults."

These few words are extremely forcible, and go a great way towards the decision of the question. To our feelings they are definitive. But there are some false reasoners, who carry a true principle into such an extreme, that they falsify its spirit; and some persons have even endeavoured to prove, that a single fine passage will excuse all the faults of a bad work. Longinus appears to have anticipated this absurdity, and has thought himself bound to answer it beforehand. For he presently adds: "Put "together all the faults of Homer and Demos- "thenes, and you will see that those faults make "but a very small portion of their works." This is saying very plainly, that faults are excusable only when beauties predominate; which is a doctrine that Horace had before declared, and a doctrine that could be misunderstood only by those who had an interest in misinterpreting. When we agree with Longinus, that faults are to be excused only when beauties predominate, we speak in a very liberal sense; for we believe, that in declaring how small a part of certain works is faulty, he means a small part, not in proportion to the number of lines, but in proportion to the number of beauties. There may be ten faulty passages for one beauty throughout a work, and yet the beauties may predominate; for the one beautiful passage may make the stronger ultimate impression, and give more pleasure, than the whole ten bad ones have given offence. A dozen feathers may be placed in a scale against a single guinea, but the guinea will preponderate. On our feeling, we confess, that beauties always leave a stronger impression than defects; and one tear elicited from the sources of the heart, should wash away a thousand petty stains!

Another chapter Longinus employs in developing the power of that harmony which springs from the arrangement of words, and which must have constituted so essential a quality of poetry and eloquence, among the inhabitants of a country, where the constant use of an idiom, in its nature musical, made every ear so delicate and so sensible to every merit, and to every defect. "The judgment of the "ear," says Quinctilian, "is the finest of "all." But though our language be not composed of elements so harmonious as that of the Greeks, or even the Latins, yet we too have a considerable pleasure in the artificial harmony that results from the arrangement of words; and, indeed, the greater the deficiency of our language may be, the more necessary and the more meritorious, is the labour of harmonizing it. Who has not felt, that a disagreeable sound, a rugged construction of sentence, a single phrase misplaced, has spoilt what might otherwise have been beautiful? Nay, some of our poets have acquired the greatest part of their reputation from their sweetness. The merits of Waller, in thought, are so few, that if he were now to write, he would probably write without readers; but he lived in an age when brilliant imaginations were abundant, but sweet expressions unknown: he applied himself to the ornamental part of composition, the softening of style; and by marching the first steps along the flowery path, which has since disclosed to more fortunate wanderers so many beauties, and so many sweets, he acquired the meed of immortality. If Dryden had studied harmony as much as Pope, even Pope would have been less celebrated than he is: for brilliant as was Pope's imagination, the imagination of Dryden was yet more brilliant: and admirable as are the strong effects of Pope,

his sweetness of versification is admirable in a still higher degree. Dr. Darwin, in our own time, is another conspicuous example of the advantages of harmony; for Darwin, though certainly a poet of sense, is more admired as a poet of sound.

Our author then was perfectly right in treating this harmony as one of the most important requisites for style; though, perhaps, it is a requisite less important in the sublime than in almost any other style of writing. For harmony, in its fullest pitch of sweetness, is properly and almost invariably employed in the pathetic; but it does not constitute a necessary part of the sublime; because some things are great from their actual deformity. Of this we have a striking instance in the first Georgii, where still to magnify the vastness of his idea, Virgil has beautifully violated all rules of harmony.

——" *Tum partu terra nefando*
" *Coeumque, Japetumque creat, saevumque Ty-*
" *phoëa—*
" *Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam*
" *Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere*
" *Olympum.*"

However, notwithstanding such exceptions as these, it cannot be denied that harmony is a powerful assistant in the production of sublime effects: and Longinus thus speaks of it. " Har-
" mony," says he, " strikes not only the ear,
" but the soul: it awakens there a train of
" ideas, of feelings, of images, and speaks to
" the soul, by a speedy medium, the corre-
" spondence of sounds with thoughts. It is
" the assemblage and proportion of the limbs
" which produces the beauty of the body;
" separate them, and this beauty no longer
" exists. The case is the same with the parts
" of a harmonious phrase—destroy the ar-
" rangement of it, break the bonds that join
" it, and the whole effect is destroyed." This comparison is perfectly just.

Longinus declares, that equal caution should be employed against the too great extention and the too great compression of style. Perhaps of these two faults, the latter is more hostile, not to the sublime in a single phrase, but to the general and even character of supported majesty, which belongs to great subjects. Homer is full of number and period; he marches in a measured course of connected and sweeping movements. To translate him in a succinct, or rather abrupt style, as Cowper has done, is to take away one of his principal characteristics. It is true that a translation cannot, without much labour, be made to combine the force of the original language with the harmony of the secondary one; but it too often happens, and has happened most particularly with regard to Homer, that in translation the force has been lost, without the preservation of the sweetness; for many people are apt to mistake clumsiness for energy, and imagine that a certain style is forcible, which, in fact, is only abrupt. Cicero is another very striking instance of a harmonious sublimity, produced by a copious style.

It is in the beginning of the Treatise, that Longinus has chosen to speak of those faults of style which are most hostile to the sublime; but in this analysis we have thought fit to pursue a contrary course, to begin with the component parts, and finish with the injurious accessions of a sublime style; for surely, in every species of learning, we ought to know which way we are to go, before we are told which way we fear to go. However, he points out three principal defects: bombast, or swollen style; farfetched ornaments, which he calls the cold and puerile style, and false warmth of style. How many writers who pretend to greatness and warmth, would find themselves little and cold at the tribunal of Longinus!—that is at the tribunal of common sense, which has not been altered since his time. " Bom-
" bast," says he, " is the most difficult to be
" avoided; we fall into it imperceptibly, in
" our attempts at the sublime, and in our
" anxiety to avoid what is feeble and dry.
" Many people have built upon the dangerous
" maxim, that in a noble attempt, to fall is
" noble. But that is a very gross mistake.
" An unnatural swelling is no less vicious in
" style than in the human body. It is large
" to the eye, but it is hollow within; and truly
" has it been said, that nothing is so dry as a
" dropsical man." This illustration is borrowed from Quinctilian.

The old and puerile style is the abuse of the figures which are taught in the schools. It is the common fault of people, who will always be saying something extraordinary and brilliant, who are resolved to be agreeable and entertaining, and who depart so widely from nature, that their affectation becomes absolutely ridiculous.

False warmth, which one of the rhetoricians very appropriately called an unseasonable fury, consists in flying above the subject, and heating oneself, when tranquillity is most becoming. Authors of this turn resemble people intoxicated; they try to express passions which they do not in reality feel, and there is nothing so

cold, nothing so ridiculous, as labouring with violent emotion when nobody around is moved at all.

This admirable critic finishes his work, by deploring the loss of great eloquence, of that which flourished in the golden days of Athens and Rome. He ascribes this loss to the loss of liberty. It is impossible, he says, that a slave can be a sublime orator. We are no longer any thing more than splendid flatterers.

Whether or not Longinus be accurate in this hypothesis, we shall not now endeavour to determine; but at some future period we may probably have occasion to discuss the question; and that we shall do with all possible diligence of investigation and fairness of statement, happy if any efforts of ours may contribute towards the elucidation of a dispute which has been so long and so often discussed, which is of the highest possible importance to the cause of literature, and which, of course, concerns the happiness of the human race!

AN ESSAY ON THE PRESENT STATE OF BRITISH COMEDY;

(Concluded from page 133.)

WE endeavoured in our last Number to prove, that no decline has taken place in the merit of British Comedy, and that even if such a decline be apparent, it is not to be attributed to the causes assigned in the Essay that we are now impeaching. The writer of that Essay is apt to estimate authors by their worst productions, and the age by its worst authors; and because Mr. Cherry has written some indifferent pieces, he tells us that British Comedy is declining. But is he not aware, that the age of Congreve and Farquhar, of Vanburgh and Cibber, had authors who were as far beneath these wits, and who were as open to furious attack, as the utmost rancour of quixotic criticism could wish? Such must have been the case, though from the nature of human affairs, the matter is not so notorious; because dullness dies and is forgotten, while genius is remembered for ever. Thus the past ages come to battle with picked men, and the present age is obliged to stand upon its defence with authors brought forward indiscriminately. But if the present age be allowed to select those names which have a chance for immortality, we repeat our original assertion, that it may boldly vie with any single period that has preceded it. These are the *causes* of our critic's *opinion*—and his opinions are usually so ingenious, amid their error, that their consequences are a pretty general delusion.

Happy indeed shall we think ourselves, if any statements of ours can tend to stem the torrent of a critical rage, which seems likely, with a most impartial fury, not only to wash the sandy waste, but to desolate the fertile inclosure.

This witty writer supposes the present state of Comedy to have been occasioned not by the present comic writers, but by certain great wits who preceded them. Here he is mistaken in point of fact. The plays of Goldsmith, from which he derives the present broad style of humour, were not the source of that style; and any body who reads *She Stoops to Conquer*, or the *Good Natured Man*, will see that though these two pieces are of a cast rather less affected than the plays of the professed wits, and rather less dull than those of the French sentimentalists; yet they are still very far removed from the daring original construction of drama which has been so successful of late years. And who has been in fact then the founder of the present school? The youthful disciples of our critic will, perhaps, be affronted when they are informed from fact, upon a subject which they have investigated only by guess—and how will their hair stand on end when they hear, what the veterans of the stage will confirm, that the first play of the *Modern School* was the *Dramatist* of Mr. Reynolds! The *Dramatist* was a play of so new and so bold a design, that Mr. Harris scarcely hoped its success: but was the work of a strong comic genius; it had its trial; and an almost unprecedented run encouraged Mr. Morton and Mr. Colman to build after the same order. We do not say, upon our own supposition, that the *Dramatist* was the foundation of the present system. We appeal for the truth of the fact to Mr. Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden theatre, where the *Dramatist* originally appeared, and where all those modern comedies, which being written on the broad model, are most obnoxious to this

vigorous critic, have since been produced. Let him for ever cease to inveigh against Reynolds, for his censorship is convicted by his own words. He writes thus: "Literary delusions "never become lasting with a literary people, "unless supported by the authority of real "genius." The English are considered by our critic as a literary people: the taste introduced and rendered lasting by Mr. Reynolds, is considered by our critic as a literary delusion: consequently, Mr. Reynolds must be, according to our critic's criterion, a writer of real genius.

In the course of this part of his Essay, which relates to the causes of the supposed decline, the author introduces a few words with regard to the defences that are set up by some modern authors. What a defence of the effect has to do with a treatise on the cause, we are at a loss to determine. But as he has chosen to speak of this point in this place, we, in our answer, think ourselves justified in following him by the same doubling road which he has taken. One of the arguments used in favour of modern authors, is their great popularity: and this argument he thinks so contemptible, that he professes himself ashamed to refute it. When arguments do not admit an answer, it is always easy to say they do not deserve one. But we conceive this argument to be extremely powerful. That the taste of the town, in the common acceptation of the phrase, is a mere chimera, an unreal mockery, we are ready to acknowledge, and we have often unhesitatingly declared; for the word taste, in its common acceptation, means the instantaneous decision of a correct and feeling mind; and the generality of people, though very ready to decide instantaneously, are not very capable either of accuracy or of sensibility. Thus the mob, judging instantaneously and without the advice of wiser amateurs, are perpetually deluded into an extatic admiration of something by no means admirable; but be it observed, that this admiration is always short lived. While the cry of gaping, wide-mouthed wonder is yelled at the corner of every street, the still small whispers of reason and taste are unheard amid the general vociferation: but when the pleasure of novelty is past, the delusion ceases: the mass of people who cried out without cause, with as little cause, become silent: the exhausted stimulus leaves their minds relaxed: and then reason and taste, which have not been wasting their strength upon air, rise firm and steady on the ground which they originally took and are acknowledged as the general rulers: for in literature, as well as in government, the rabble soon grows tired of its own anarchy, is naturally anxious for the return of peace, and quietly puts itself again beneath its lawful yoke. The admiration of the vulgar is feasted upon a nothing, and of course has but a transient strength: the food of just criticism is solid and substantial, and just criticism has, of course, the stamina for a long struggle. Of these assertions there have been in very late years two or three substantial proofs. Master Betty for a season was the idol of the vulgar and the companion of the great, the master-piece of nature and the rival of Garrick. Now the vulgar have forgotten, and the great have neglected him: his nature is acknowledged to have been the drilling of a tutor, and his rivalry of Garrick, has sunk into a confession of his cleverness, "*as a* "*boy.*" A modern author, who has been invariably lacerated by our critic, wrote a Comedy called *The Soldier's Daughter*, and an Opera called *The Travellers*, both of which every body saw and most people admired. Now *The Soldier's Daughter* and *The Travellers*, are never mentioned but to be attacked, and another comedy and another opera by the same author, were both in the course of five nights consigned to eternal oblivion. And it is our firm and decided opinion, that however contemptible be the taste of the town, understood as the instantaneous decision of feeling, yet that the taste of the town, understood as the mature judgment of persons who are qualified to lead the town, and who by time and perseverance do actually come to direct the general opinion, is a taste in its principles accurate, and in its operation extensive. With such persons that which is really bad cannot succeed: and as those persons form the taste of ten years, though they cannot lead the taste of one winter, the modern authors must have merit, or they would not have been popular enough to keep possession of the stage for upwards of twenty seasons.

The great existing cause of the deplored condition of comedy, says the essayist, is the want of opposition from the newspapers: and he does the newspapers the honour to suppose, that if they would be unanimous, they might overthrow the new school in a few months. The newspapers certainly have weight with the public: but the newspapers could hardly persuade men to leave off eating roast beef: and if the English people have a natural relish for the productions of the modern wits, a conspiracy of critics will never disorganize the formation of their intellectual palate. While these authors produce that which is entertaining, they

will always be approved, although all the devils of the press arise in dark hostility against them; and it was not without justice that Wilkes, on hearing some persons threaten to write down his North Briton, very coolly answered, "No man can be written down but by "himself." Besides, we believe that the critics of the newspapers in general, even independently of any private friendships, have too much good sense to quarrel with their bread and butter, and condemn what is good, because it is not perfect.

Let us now make a few observations on that part of the Essay which professes to consider the *consequences* of a dramatic decline. The essayist supposes, that the good-nature of modern authors has produced that aristocratic state of theatrical literature, which exempts the vices of the great from the lash of satire. It is not the indisposition of authors, but the courtier-like disposition of licensers, that gives occasion to the injustice of which he complains. He mentions Mr. Tobin's comedy of *The Faro Table*, which was already in rehearsal at Drury Lane, but which was withdrawn, as it is said, in compliment to some persons high in fashionable life. This incident, occurred evidently not from the mildness of previous writers, and we believe not from the oppression of any licenser, but from the friendship which subsisted between Mr. Sheridan the Manager, and some fashionable persons implicated in the satire of the play. But if we might divulge all that we know on this subject,

——"And tell the secrets of the prison-house,"

we could enumerate many much more flagrant instances of dramatic bantlings murdered at their very birth, by the interdictive pen of the licenser. We could prove that the stage is tyrannised, not by authors and managers, but by government; and that too, in instances where nothing but the eye of a Lord Chamberlain could have discovered a tendency in the smallest degree incorrect. We acknowledge then the evil, but we deny that it springs from the cause assigned in the Essay. We wish our critic, whose powers are unquestionably so forcible, and who professes so great a faith in the influence of newspapers, could, by lifting his arms in the cause of dramatic freedom, render the liberty of the stage a term as sacred as the liberty of the press. For our own parts, we are unable to conceive either the justice or the policy of the authority exercised by government in this particular. Justice does not require that dramatic writing should be excluded from the advantage of that freedom which is allowed to every other species of composition; and policy needs not be very much on the alert, while managers have their own interest to be served, for they know the audience in this country to be so well inclined towards its government, that any thing which should be politically improper, would at once be critically offensive; and though general satire might have its just course, political insolence would be despised and hissed.

The essayist attacks Mr. Kemble, as manager of Covent Garden theatre, for permitting the representation of modern comedies on his stage. Granting, for a moment, that the modern comedies are as bad as the Essay asserts; there are two or three things to be considered on the subject of their performance. In the first place, Mr. Kemble possesses but a part of the theatre, and cannot perhaps always obey the dictates of his own good sense and elegant taste. In the second place, there are as many of what are called the classical plays represented in Covent Garden, as will bring any money to the house; and when Shakespeare and Congreve lose their attraction, as they do in every season, after one or two representations, is the theatre to be shut up? Surely not, while the people are pleased, and will pay their money, to see something a little new. The Essay towards its close presents the following very daring piece of declamatory assertion:—

"Let Englishmen never forget, that all history has united the depravation of public "taste, with that of public virtue, and that "the most flourishing times of independence "have been the most glorious times of literature. Weak instruments very often preserve powerful means: what is gained by "the sword is preserved and glorified by the "pen: when the pen has lost its powers, it is "because there is nothing in its writers to excite them. But are we come to this? No! "No! the Muse's features are only distorted; "and it is a convulsion that must be remedied "by treatment apparently harsh."

What histories this gentleman can have had in his recollection, when he declared the universal concomitancy of constitutional freedom and literary glory, we have been vainly puzzling our brains to discover. We are not aware that the decision of this point is a matter very important to the subject of our present essay; but, for the sake of showing how little general credit ought to be given to the broad assertions of the essayist, we shall just beg leave to re-

mind our readers, that the three most remarkable eras of literature in other nations have been, the age of Pericles, who subverted the liberties of Athens; the age of Augustus, who rose upon the downfal of the Roman constitution; and the age of Leo the Tenth, when political freedom was so little understood, that its symptoms were always confounded with those of sedition.

The Essay concludes with this emphatic summing up:—

"At any rate, if we lay aside our declaration and our enthusiasm, let us always repeat to ourselves what Mr. Gifford, a man of vigorous learning, and the first satirist of his time, has said of the present comic writers: *All the fools in the kingdom seem to have risen up and exclaimed with one voice, 'Let us write for the theatres.'*"

All that we can say on this subject is, that even supposing Mr. Gifford were, in fact, as profound a scholar as the critic believes him, and as brilliant in satire as he is vulgar in abuse, we could not admit that either scholarship or satire can enable a man to become a dramatic censor; and, if the essayist be really so warm an admirer of Mr. Gifford, we think he would shew his friendship by allowing us to forget, rather than by admonishing us to repeat, so course, so unjust, and so arrogant a sentence.

Thus has the critic displayed much real wit, and spit forth much unfair invective—thus has he asserted appearances which do not exist; investigated causes which have never wrought, and deprecated consequences which could not result; thus, in a splendid array of brilliant insubstantial arguments, has he plainly evinced his generalship, but virtually owned his weakness, and recalled to our minds the stratagem of the commander, who having few troops in his army, endeavoured to terrify a powerful enemy, by covering the surrounding heights with old women, dressed in red clothes, to look like soldiers.

Horatius.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A MAN OF FASHION.

DEAR MR. BOWMAN,

I AM a man of fashion, or in other words, a man of fortune, that would willingly be a man of fashion, though thank my stars, I am blessed with a fashionable wife and family. Thirty long years have I toiled and moiled in the gay vicinity of Whitechapel, hoping soon to make things comfortable, and fully determined to set myself then down and be happy; however, unfortunately, an event has occurred which has removed all *my* wants, and left me nothing but *wishes*; but in opposition to what the lecturing man at our end of the town last year called a *nacksum* or a *macksimum*, or something of that kind, that, "Like causes "produce similar effects," I find that what formerly were only the *wishes* of my wife and daughters are now converted into the most absolute *wants*: now *Mr. Bowman*, as you seem to be a kind of overseer of the fashionable world, I would fain make my case known to *you*, and as your book is read by all fashionable people, it will surely reach the eyes of my wife and daughters.—But to my story: about this time last year, the great Deputy Allspice having fined for Sheriff, had yet no objection to attend the Sheriff's dinners; but having made an attack on the Michaelmas geese, which lasted for *three* days, was obliged at last to ground his arms, and by the mediation of the doctors, soon became one of the neutral powers—to make the matter short, he died, and being full second cousin to my wife's mother, thought proper to leave us his whole fortune, as it was not *transferable*. "Now, my dear," said Mrs. Dip, "you are a hundred thousand pound "man."—"Mrs. Dip," said I, "Consols are "only at 61 and $\frac{1}{8}\frac{1}{5}\frac{3}{2}$," reaching her the Sunday Gazette which I held in my hand, "a fig "for the consols," replied Mrs. Dip, "there "is a hundred thousand pounds stock, and so, "my dear, I hope you'll now look like your-"self." To contest the point would now have been useless, as I perceived a powerful confederacy had been formed on the opposite side of the breakfast table; therefore, like other great negociators, fearing to ask for what I knew would not be granted, I preserved a dignified silence. In the course of the breakfast, new overtures were made, and I soon found, to my sorrow, that the *Status quo antea*, was no longer to be the basis; you see Mr. Bowman,

I am a bit of a politician. It was now resolved that we should emigrate, and my son, Mr. Nathaniel Dip, Jun. who, by the by, is a great philosopher, having observed that arts and sciences had been travelling westward ever since the creation, it was judged proper that *we* should travel westward also; I agreed on my part that we should not only withdraw our forces from Whitechapel, but that we should also evacuate our villa, at Old Ford, the scene of all my former glory;—the yew trees—the Chinese bridge—and the piping fawns—All, all were to be left behind. However, as I stipulated for time to wind up my accounts at the *shop*, I was permitted to extend the period of our marching out. I now called amongst my customers, hinting that as I should soon leave off business, I wished to have my accounts *settled*. To *this* they had no objection, but as to *paying*, they were in no great hurry, for as *I* was now so rich, it was impossible *I* could want money.—But this was the smallest part of my difficulties, for a total change of manners had now taken place at home; I ventured at first gently to remonstrate, but soon found to my sorrow, that as we were to perform at the other end of the town, it was necessary, that we should rehearse at Whitechapel, and all resistance was in vain.

The first symptom of discord, arose from the harmony of something my eldest girl called *the Catalini*—supposing it one of the new musical figures, I consented to their going to see it, for I knew my girls had some taste in music, from their always standing dressed at the shop-door of an evening, as they told *me*, to listen to the ballad singers; but you may judge of my surprise, Mr. Bowman, when I saw my wife and daughters in full dress as they called it, sail down into the shop, and of a Saturday night too, when I wanted them all behind the counter; for Heaven's sake! my dear, said I, why did you come down before you put your clothes on; but Mrs. Dip, whose hair by the bye, was changed all at once from a good bright red to a jetty black, told the shop boy to call a coach, and then ordering me to send for them in time, they jumped in and set off for the Haymarket. As ill luck would have it, the night set in wet and sloppy, and not a coach was to be had for love nor money, so borrowing my neighbour Marrowfat's market-cart, I resolved on Sunday morning to set off in quest of my family. The arrival of my Tumbril caused much speculation among the whips at the Opera House, and on my asking one of the men very civilly for Mrs. Dip, a dozen voices, convulsed with laughter, cried out, "My "Lady Dip's carriage stops the way." 'Midst a din of whips, laughter, and swearing, which surpassed any thing I had ever seen or heard at our end of the town, I maintained my station with some difficulty till the arrival of my family, who, thunderstruck at their equipage, refused for some time to avail themselves of their neighbour's kindness, when a heavy shower forced them to ascend, and I shut them in with much satisfaction.

My wife had often *wished* for a coach, but she now found out that she *wanted* one; the necessity was so absolute that I was forced to consent, but to avoid exposing myself in my old neighbourhood, I endeavoured to postpone the date of its appearance, and at last I found out a difficulty which I fondly hoped would be insurmountable.

As our taste in colours differed in some small respect, we had analysed and criticised the rainbow several times over, but without coming nearer to a conclusion, when it was found out that a union of all our tastes, would produce a very pretty effect. This point being arranged, the pannel ornaments became an object of contention. My son, Nathan, proposed a cypher within a garter; my eldest girl thought this too common, and recommended a cypher above the garter; whilst Mrs. Dip, whose father had been an undertaker, strongly insisted on something like an hatchment, or at least that I should put the city arms upon our coach, as I was entitled to have them on my carts. Talking over my misfortunes with my neighbour Brush the sign painter, he advised me to put on my own coat, this pleased the pride of my family; but on applying at Bennetshill, I began to suspect that the college of arms, would not allow me any coat at all. This kept off the evil day until we were ready for the wing, when it was discovered that the Dips bore argent, a candlestick and snuffers, saltierwise proper.

By the middle of May, I had sold off my stock, bought and furnished a house in one of the new squares, and was in great hopes of enjoying myself for some months at a fine villa I had purchased in a midland county, with a farm *capable* of improvement. Mrs. Dip, seeming anxious to remove from Whitechapel, I proposed a jaunt to our new villa, "Lord, my "dear," said she, "sure you would not leave "town till the *winter* is over—every body is "in town now."—"Winter, my dear," said I, referring to our neatly framed and glazed almanack, "*is* over." "Yes, indeed," replied

my wife with a contemptuous smile, "it may "be over at *this* end of the town." Having heard our lecturing man say that the seasons were different in different places, I yielded to the superior knowledge of Mrs. Dip.

We soon removed for the winter to —— Square, and I must confess it was the warmest winter ever I experienced. Mrs. Dip now proposed to give a concert, and it was resolved to throw our whole first floor into one. As I was fond of a good song at the club, I had no objection; but was by no means well pleased when Mrs. Dip, with the greatest good humour, told me that Signor Squaletto, and Signora Hummadini were to lead. Having often heard of the high terms of these folks, I objected to the expence. "Fiddle faddle, my love," said she, "'twill cost you nothing more than the "price of the tickets."—"Tickets," replied I, "what tickets?"—"Ah, Tramontand," said she—a word of fondness for me, Mr. Bowman, she had lately learnt—"Ah, Tramontand, "don't you know nobody can come in without "tickets."——Well, Mr. B. having purchased a ticket of admission into my own drawing-room from Signor Squaletto, I sat down waiting patiently for *the song*. Our rooms were so crowded, that it was impossible to move—the ladies said 'twas delightful; and though every body called for refreshments, I saw none handed in, which I understood afterwards was owing to there being no room for the servants to enter. Perceiving some economy in this arrangement, even at the time, I listened to the musicians tuning their instruments, as I thought, for a long three hours, when the company began to move, and I was told the concert was over.

In the hurry of the company departing, I thought it necessary to do the honours of the house, but a lady having fallen on the stairs, in stooping down to assist her I lost my bobjerom.——Ashamed of my bald head, I snatched hastily, as I thought, at my own wig, and clapped it on without examination, nor did I find out my mistake, until some of the flowing tresses falling on my shoulders, convinced me that in the confusion of heads from the accident, I had robbed some fair one of her flaxen curls.—Anxious to repair my error, I inserted an advertisement in a fashionable morning paper.

"If the lady who took a gentleman's wig "by mistake, at the concert in ——— Square, "will bring it to No. 45, ——— she shall re- "ceive her own in return."

To this friendly notice I received no answer; but my thoughts were soon called to another subject, as my whole family were suddenly taken ill—a change of air was recommended, and I had hopes of visiting my new farm, but the distance, full fifty miles, was too far for them to travel in their weak state; I then proposed cheerful country lodgings at Blackwall, or Hoxton, but the very mention of these places aggravated the symptoms so much, that the physician now prescribed sea-water, and Brighton was finally resolved on. My wife had often wished before to go to Margate, but the length of the voyage, and the danger of the enemy's cruisers, had always prevented me from indulging her; and my little girls, who had read Mrs. Behn's novels, were so terrified at the thoughts of the Sallee Rovers, who carry away and ravish all the young ladies, bless us all! that we had thought no more of it; however, as we could now go to sea by land, and in our own coach too, to Brighton we went.—I need not mention to you the terror we felt in ascending the huge mountains in our way, nor our anxiety in coming down; however, to Brighton we came at last, and though the papers had told us that it was overflowing, we found no difficulty in getting lodgings nearly as good as our old house in Whitechapel, for ten guineas per week.

Mrs. Dip and the girls were now in their element, or rather in two elements, for they took to the water as naturally as young spaniels; and they had soon the satisfaction of being noticed, and I too had my share, for on passing along the Steine, I have heard several say, "There! that is Mrs. Dip's husband."—Such notoriety you will judge, my dear sir, must have been highly gratifying; it did not, however, satify my wife, as she was always telling me—"My dear, you ought to be the Man of "Fashion."—Anxious to gratify her in this, I resolved to imitate the Man of Fashion, and several of these being pointed out to me, I became an accurate observer of them. But here, Mr. Editor, my sorrows accumulated like compound interest, I must therefore claim your indulgence till another month—"One little "month," and then, as the *Ghost* says in the play, "I shall a tale unfold."

Your's, as in duty bound,

JEREMY DIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Spanish Town, Jamaica, June, 1806.

YOUR prognostics, my dear friend, have been in part verified. Scarcely had the packet sailed which contained accounts of my health, than that inveterate foe to Europeans, the *yellow fever*, attacked me. I am myself surprised at the complacency with which I encountered it, and am now doubly surprised to recollect how indifferently the perfect knowledge of my danger affected me. To that composed state of mind I impute my recovery; for even amidst the burning of a fever not to be described, and never to be equalled, save in this climate, I smiled at the apprehensions pictured on the faces of my medical attendants, and was the only one not alarmed at my situation. I have gone through all the violent applications used upon such occasions, and its effects and symptoms, however painful the relation, may not be uninteresting to you. You must learn that an invalid generally either dies or recovers in the course of five days: though I was attacked on the Monday, the fever never quitted me until the Sunday morning following; during which time I was constantly kept bathed with vinegar, to prevent mortification. When I got out of my bed, for the first time, which was with assistance, I found I had entirely lost the use of my limbs. Such is the virulence of the complaint. My poor friend and cabin companion, S—— has been less fortunate than myself. He was taken ill about the same time, but the instant he was attacked, he considered his recovery as impossible, and from that circumstance only, as the medical gentlemen who attended him assured me, he died without a groan on the fifth day, and he had not one dangerous symptom during the whole of his illness.

My confinement has taught me a lesson, which I should perhaps otherwise not have learnt without it, that "*feeling* and *humanity* "are not the offspring of *education*." In the untutored African, I have witnessed benevolence and kindness of heart not to be surpassed by the professors of Christianity. My landlady watched over me with the tenderness and affection of a fond mother—studied my comforts with the consideration of a sage, and administered to my wants with the hand of charitable compassion. Her conduct reminded me of the sentiment in *Pizarro*, "the Spaniards "*preach*, but the Peruvians *practice* humanity." So far is no pleasing picture; I will therefore turn to one of a different description. Since my recovery I have made a journey to the north of the island, to Savannah La Mer, where a court is held every four months, upon the same plan as the assizes in England, and continues sitting ten days or a fortnight. The distance is one hundred and twenty miles from Spanish Town. The Country through which I passed is beyond description beautiful, and romantic in the extreme. Mrs. Radcliffe's picture of the Pyrenees and the Apennines, in her novels, would be a close copy. The roads were dangerous, and in many parts almost impassable. The rivers through which I crossed (for there are no bridges, as the rapidity of the torrents, during the winter season, would carry them away) were so deep, and the current so violent, that I was often apprehensive that my beast (a stout Spanish mule) would have lost his footing, and I was always ready to trust to my own swimming. I rode over one hill of fifteen miles, upon a solid rock, at the rate of about two miles an hour. I had ample leisure for contemplation; and England, dear England, occupied my thoughts. We are not sufficiently acquainted with our own strength, till put to the trial. I did not imagine I could have accomplished such an arduous undertaking, with so little fatigue, for I have not felt better since I left England, than during the time I was taking so much exercise. On my arrival at Savannah La Mer, I was fully recompensed; the time was passed most gaily; I was engaged at dinner with different families for a fortnight; attended four private dances, and one public one; and, to do justice to the ladies, they were extremely pleasant; and, if I could forget the beauties I left in England, I might with truth assert most of them were handsome, were also very elegant dancers, and by their endeavours to please, they generally succeeded. I spent a week on my return, with the family of a friend, in a most beautiful spot, on a very elevated situation, and delightfully cool; so much so, as to require a blanket at night. I was both pleased and terrified by the spring season, which has just concluded. It poured incea-

santly for five days, and such a rain as you never saw in England; absolutely, torrents fell from the clouds. At the end of the third day, the matter became extremely serious; the bridge over the principal river, which is made of iron, and is built one hundred feet above the bed of the river, on immense stone buttresses, was carried away; the consequence of which was, all communication between our town and Kingston was cut off; the rivers were all alike impassable, and the water was two and three feet deep in every part of the town, running in streams sufficiently strong to carry any one away. Think of our situation—no provision could be brought into town—all the pigs and sheep kept within the town were drowned, or carried away, and we lived upon salt-fish and plantains, and that in small quantities, for fear of being starved, if the rain continued, as it sometimes does for a fortnight. It was truly a terrific sight to witness the injury that was done—trees, torn up by the roots swimming down the river; and stones, at other times almost immoveable, whirled along by the torrent, as if merely a cork. We have all here participated in the general joy at Sir John Duckworth's victory. I have dined in company with the French Captains, at the table of the Admiral; who, with true British generosity, considers and treats his enemies as friends, when the "battle is fought and won." They were very much above the common class, and behaved most gallantly; but what was my surprize to hear them declare, that, notwithstanding they were allowed by our officers to have performed every thing that skill and courage, when put in competition with Englishmen, could effect, that they should never be employed again, for Bonaparte considers want of success an omen of ill fate, and the man once defeated never again meets with his protection. I must, ere I close my letter, give you a peep into a Jamaica dining-room. The following is a tolerably accurate description:—The length from five-and-thirty to forty feet, the breadth twenty, and the heighth sixteen; for proportion you scarcely ever meet with the like in England. A side-board, well covered with plate; furniture, such as you would not put into a kitchen, the whole not amounting to the value of a common English mahogany chair. The parties consist of from twenty to thirty; the table groaning under the weight of dishes, luxuriantly filled with all the delicacies of the island, and sufficient to satisfy the taste of the most vitiated epicurean; but, as you, my good friend, are not amongst that class, I will conclude my description, with the wafted wish, that I was once more enjoying with you, in dear England, that higher treat—"the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," which we have so often shared together. In every climate, however, believe me still,

Sincerely your friend, *C.*

THE ARBITRATOR.

QUIS CUSTODIAT IPSOS CUSTODES?

PERHAPS there is not a source from which error more frequently springs, than from general principles or maxims for conduct. Among the general principles most commonly stated, is the axiom that satire is beneficial to a state. But though this axiom is commonly stated, it is very imperfectly understood; and people who begin to act upon the principle, become infinitely abusive, and fancy they are beneficially satirical. Pope, in writing the Epilogue to his Epistles, assumed to himself a glory which he had amply deserved. He sings:

"Yes! I am proud, I must be proud, to see
"Men not afraid of heav'n, afraid of me,
"Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
"And touched and shamed by ridicule alone!
"O sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
"Sole guard of virtue, faith, and innocence!"

But when satire is no longer ridicule, but scurrility; when the censor, instead of guarding public virtue, becomes himself a political prostitute; when the moralist, instead of protecting faith, asserts untruth; and when the critic, instead of sparing or assisting innocence, takes pains to degrade it, then we think it high time for those, who stand before the public as the periodical historians, if not the judges, of its manners and its morals, to exclaim against the gross perversion, and warn the town against presumption and pretence.

Reader, have you ever seen a publication called the Satirist, or Monthly Meteor? If you have not, and if you think it necessary to see it at all, you had better make haste; for, in two or three months, it will probably be visible no where but in scattered leaves at a

water-closet. But if it should linger out its meteoric existence only for two or three months, it may in that little time do a great deal of mischief; and we therefore think ourselves bound to say a few words of this most vehement work. It is not usual for one periodical publication to act as the reviewer of the others: but the thief is always the best runner; and, by the falling out of us rogues, honest men may get their due: besides, when we are busying ourselves to elucidate the properties, and calculate the duration of this Meteor, as it is called, we may fairly be excused, if our astronomy shall be a little eccentric.

Gay, in his Fable of the Court of Death, says, (and a good many people believe him,)

"Merit is ever modest known."

The Satirist gives a touching illustration of this elegant line, in the frontispiece to his work. There he is represented with a whip in his hand, lashing a crowd of well-known characters; and around him, at his feet, are placed the modest emblems of his own genius. Gentle reader, what think you those emblems are? You will never guess if you have not read the book, for nothing short of an attentive perusal could give you the most distant fancy of an addition, that should, with appropriate dignity, be joined to the portrait of the Satirist; however, to put you out of your painful suspence at once, the accompaniments of this corporate wit are the works of Juvenal, Persius, and Horace! There's association for you!

"*Examen nobile fratrum!*"

The Prologue invokes the spirit of reform, (which in a note is explained to be moral, and not political reform) that it may help the Satirists to *save expiring decency:* How far this blest spirit has done the work it is hired for, we shall see in our observations on the Theatrical Review.

The political creed of this work has at least the merit of novelty. The Satirists declare, that "partialities and prejudices support the "individual and uphold the state;" that "partialities and prejudices are the elements of "which the moral world is composed, and by "which it is held together;" that "therefore, "whoever endeavours to weaken the effects, "or destroy the existence of partialities and "prejudices, is an enemy to the great society "of the human race, and may be a philosopher, but cannot be a patriot." So that a true patriot is one, who without philosophy, will run all risks for prejudice, and sacrifice himself for an unintelligible object, as the priests of Paganism blindly stab themselves at the altars of their unconscious idols!

To these partialities and prejudices they tell us that they will "cling stubbornly, and te-"naciously adhere." But when the squirrel built his nest on a decayed tree, he fell in the evening storm that tore up the roots of his rotten abode!

The Satirists tell us, "that the British code "of laws is the most perfect that has yet been "framed by the invention and experience of "man." We believe it; but we also believe, that if there had been no such things as "partiality and prejudice," it would have been a great deal more perfect than it is, and have excited not only comparative, but absolute admiration. But the Satirists wish to measure that which is tolerable by that which is worse, and think that because the constitution of their country is already valuable, its worth ought never to be improved.

Then follows a panegyric upon the national religion; for church and state are generally connected by modern politicians. We shall say nothing about the exclusive and superlative arrogance with which our church establishment is here xtolled: we allow ourselves to think privately, that if there must be an established religion, that which is here established is the best; but we are not quite wise enough to affront one half of the nation, by telling them that the other half have formed the only just decision on a subject which God alone can decide.

And then we are treated with a stale puff of the wisdom shewn by a certain distinguished personage, in dismissing the late ministers; in spreading the seeds of civil war through the nation; and in taking upon himself a responsibility which overthrows the sacred maxim of the constitution, "That the King can do no wrong."

We shall not trouble ourselves to investigate those parts of the Magazine, which, if they were not so heavy, would be technically called *light articles*, but pass to the other *leading article* of the work, we mean the Theatrical Review. The Review of Literature ought to be a leading article, but as it is mere chit-chat, we cannot condescend to expose it at length. The sting of an insect is placed in its tail; and in the Theatrical Review, which is printed at the close of the number, lies the most cruel acidity of these gentlemens' venom. For that

great fight they reserved the mightiest malice of their souls; on that point they directed all the vast artillery of their genius; in that subject we trust they have so fatally committed themselves, that like the wizard of romance, they will perish in the whirlwind which themselves have conjured!

After some very unfair strictures upon that lively young author, Mr. Theodore Hook, the critic begins to attack poor Mr. Dibdin, for his last Comedy of *Errors Excepted*. And here, in order to introduce a little personality, he tells us that Mr. Dibdin, in this Comedy, made Mr. Young mistake Mr. Decamp for Mr. Wharton; who, continues the candid critic, "is a very worthy man, no doubt, but he never could be taken for any thing but a bad "actor." Supposing that Mr. Wharton were in fact, according to this coarse assertion, nothing better than a bad actor, does this writer imagine that Mr. Dibdin, when he planned the mistake of his hero, knew who would have the insignificant part of the bailiff, which was given to Mr. Wharton? If this liberal censor meant to find fault with Mr. Dibdin's Comedy, in a fair way, why did not he describe the mistake to have been a confusion between *Young Mannerley* and the *Bailiff*? Because he found, that by naming the actors, he could introduce a little abuse of them, though they are in fact no more to blame for acting in a play of faulty construction than the spectators are who go to see it.

Then he introduces a sly hit at the critic of *The News*, whom he is pleased to term, *the ridiculous Editor*. The gentleman so designated, is, in our opinion, too fond of *ridiculing*, but he has far too much of genius to be *ridiculous*. And then he slides to Mr. Young, whom he commends, and whom he accuses the theatrical critics in the *Beau Monde* of undervaluing. We here totally deny the charge. We have been particular in pointing out the faults of Mr. Young, because we think him one of the few tragedians who have genius enough to merit an analysis in detail: but we have also, in strong and pointed terms, recorded, at several periods, our high admiration of his *desert*, and our sincere regret at his *desertion*. But when this writer pronounces Mr. Young's *Hamlet* to be "the *most* finished exhibition of the day," the exorbitancy of the praise is both a proof of the critic's incompetency to decide, and an injustice to the gentleman who is thus immoderately praised.

The next sentence is almost unrivalled in vulgarity: but this author, like savage warriors, thinks fit to spare neither weakness nor sex. "Miss Taylor, *a long legged protegée* "of Mr. Cumberland's, *came out* here, but "she very soon *went in* again." We think it reasonable that the historians of the stage should indeed give some account of the persons of new performers: but surely if this critic did not like Miss Taylor's appearance, he might have contented himself with saying, that her figure was not pleasing. To say that a lady is not handsome may be allowable, but to say, in downright terms, that "she is very plain," as he afterwards does say of Miss Meadows, is surely not necessary to critical fidelity, and really is most widely inconsistent with all the rules of gallantry, which have created the difference between savage and polished nations.

Of Mr. Bennett he says, that "with his "songs, sung for his own amusement, the town "was soon satisfied." The town greeted Mr. Bennett with great applause; that applause was well deserved; Mr. Bennett was already not only popular, but fashionable; and the reason of his leaving the Haymarket, as was originally underlined in the bills, was the necessity of fulfilling his engagement at Bath.

After some lighter cuts at a few other ladies and gentlemen, the writer commences his annals of Covent Garden theatre. He justly praises Mr. Charles Kemble and Mr. Lewis, and then belabours Mr. Claremont with the following very exquisite piece of genuine criticism: "Oh! that this Claremont would pick "a pocket, or do any other little petty larceny trick to get himself banished, at least "from the stage; for of all the empty logs of "pomposity that ever strutted on a theatre "royal, he is assuredly the most ridiculous." No wonder that picking of pockets should be recommended by a critic who is so eager in cutting throats. Of all the actors in Covent Garden theatre, there is not one so unjustly used as Mr. Claremont, who always behaves respectfully, speaks sensibly, and, if it were not for an air of self-complacency, which is a little too conspicuous, would be, out of all comparison, the best tragedian of his rank in the theatre.

Young Blanchard, who played *Peter* in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, is vilified for tumbling down before his mistress; and this Satirist adds: "He received the just reward of his stupidity "in a round of hisses." We were in the theatre, and did not hear this round of hisses: and if the writer had ever seen the play of *Romeo and Juliet* before, he would have known that this piece of harmless mummery in Mr. T. Blanchard, is not *his stupidity*, but the almost

immemorial custom of all the comedians who have enacted the part of *Peter*.

The similes of this author are truly well adapted to the criticisms which they are intended to illustrate. Mrs. Daponte's fine contralto voice is compared to a pig with five legs; Miss Mellon's appearance to that of a Sunday dressed cook; Mr. Corri's musical pupils to hungry gudgeons; Mr. Taylor's singing to the taste of physic; Mr. Young, in the *Fortress*, to a gourd under a hand-glass; Miss Meadows's notes to the grating of "the brazen "canstick upon the axle-tree:" and this last simile is succeeded by the following sentence:

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this honour, so sacred to him as a peer, so tender to him as a man, he most solemnly assures your Majesty, that, in case you should be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worst measure that the worst minister can ever suggest to your Majesty; but on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked, and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in honour to declare, that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the best and wisest measures that your Majesty yourself can ever dictate. And your Majesty's petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

C. S.

Manchester, Oct. 13, 1807.

ANECDOTES OF IRISH LITIGATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Sir,

AMONG the amusing peculiarities which distinguish our western neighbours from the other subjects of the empire, there are none more strikingly characteristic, and yet hitherto less generally remarked than the whimsical manner in which the litigations are conducted. These are very frequent in Ireland; and the courts where they are decided, are resorted to by the people as a scene of inexhaustible merriment. As I conceive that your readers will be amused to compare the humorous proceedings of an Irish tribunal with the gravity and solemnity to which we are accustomed in England, I shall beg leave to present you with a few anecdotes relative to this subject, from the journal of an entertaining traveller.

"I attended," says this traveller, "the "quarter sessions at Killarney, where a bar- "rister presided. At this meeting, the cha- "racter of the people was strikingly deve- "loped. The greatest good-humour prevail- "ed in the court, which was a large naked "room, with a quantity of turf piled up in "one corner of it. Every face looked ani- "mated; scarcely any decorum was kept; "but justice was expeditiously, and I be- "lieve substantially, administered by the bar- "rister, who is addressed by that name, and "who appeared to be perfectly competent to "the discharge of his official duties. He was "elevated above the rest. A fellow, like "every one of his countrymen, in or out of "court, loving law to his soul, projected him- "self too forward, to hear a cause which was "proceeding: the officer of the court, who, "like the bell in *Peeping Tom of Coventry*, "made a horrible noise, by endeavouring to "keep silence, struck this anxious unlucky "wight a blow on the head with a long pole, "almost sufficiently forcible to have felled an "ox: the fellow rubbed his head; all the "assembly broke out into a loud laugh, in "which the object of their mirth could not "help joining. Instead of counsel, solicitors "pleaded. One of them was examining a "rustic, a witness on behalf of his client, "when I entered. The poor fellow suffered "answers, unfavourable to the party for "whom he appeared, to escape him; upon "which, after half-a-dozen imprecations, the "solicitor threw the testament, on which he "had been sworn, at his head: a second loud "laugh followed. Another fellow swore "backwards and forwards, ten times in as "many minutes; and whenever he was de- "tected in the most abominable perjury, the "auditory was thrown into convulsions of "merriment. The barrister held in his hands, "not the scales of justice, but a little brass "machine for weighing shillings, which was "in frequent requisition upon the judicial "seat, to ascertain the due weight of fees "paid into court; a strong proof of the in- "jurious effects of the wretched state of the "coin.

"On the preceding day, Lord Henry Petty, "who was then on a tour in Ireland, sat on "the bench, to observe the habits of the "people. His presence was regarded as a "flattering compliment. While he sat by the "judge, a culprit was condemned to three "months imprisonment: as the fellow was "conducted out of court, he observed, 'By "Jasus, it is all owing to his lordship, long "life to him; if he had not been there, I "know the barrister, as worthy a gentleman "as ever lived, would only have sentenced me "for a fortnight; but he thought, as the young "lord was there, if he had let me off more

" aisy, he would not have been thought to " have done his duty; and there it is."

The same traveller had an opportunity of seeing the quarter sessions at Cork. " I en- " tered a dismal hall," says he, " where an " assistant barrister presided. The same merry " noise and confusion prevailed here as at " Killarney. I found a wild Irishman, a fa- " cetious fellow, upon the table, seated in a " chair, and under examination, attended by " an interpreter. ' D'ye know,' said the ex- " amining solicitor, who officiated as coun- " sel, ' the traversers in the dock?'—' And " plaze you, I know them both by what I " have heard,' was the answer. A loud " laugh followed. The following question " produced one of the most favourite figures of " speech among the low Irish. ' Well, sir, " did he confess at all?'—' Plaze your ho- " nour, he would not confess a ha'po'rth,' *i. e.* " the worth of a halfpenny. ' I know you " well,' said one of the jury to another wit- " ness. ' You never knew me but out of ho- " nesty.' This occasioned another laugh. The " fellow contradicted himself many times, but " always with so much humour, that the " gravest judge could scarcely have preserved " a due solemnity of face. So naturally dis- " posed are the lower orders to drollery, that I " found perjury, if it had any thing of humour " in it, seemed to be stripped of all its culpa- " bility. Amidst all the facetious prevarication " and smiling confusion, I was assured, from " very good authority, and in the causes to " which I fixed my attention, I found it to be " so, that justice was fairly administered."

Much as has been spoken and written about Ireland, it is evident, Mr. Editor, when such extraordinary judicial peculiarities are so little known, that their manners and customs have not yet been thoroughly investigated. When any new anecdote relative to the same subject, falls in my way, they shall be sent to you for insertion.

Sir Edward O'Coke.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE EPICS OF THE TON; OR, THE GLORIES OF THE GREAT WORLD.

THERE is no species of composition which proves more alluring to the public taste, than satire, when written with point and elegance. It is here, indeed, that the poet finds the fullest scope for his wit, and can combine the fascination of fancy and humour; nor will he ever find his readers disinclined to laugh, or to sneer, at the exposition of folly, or the ridicule of vice. Something like malignity may be imputed to this propensity of our nature: yet it will be allowed, that ridicule is one of the strongest engines of morality, and that to make men ashamed of their vices, is, perhaps, the surest way to amend them.

The author of *The Epics of the Ton* has struck out for himself a new model of satirical writing. Instead of selecting some predominant passion, or some other general theme for his subject, and illustrating it by particular examples, he has ventured to produce before us some of the most conspicuous personages who at present adorn the world of fashion; and, in the delineation of their follies, their vices, their virtues, and their singularities, he has introduced such strokes of general satire as suited his purpose. Of the entertainment which this mode of satirical writing is calculated to afford, no one can doubt; for what can be more amusing than to see an assemblage of the most fashionable personages of both sexes, exposed to our view, divested of all their artificial disguises, and only clothed in the thin and transparent robe thrown around them by the satirist? More doubt may be entertained of the good-nature of the anonymous poet, and of the justifiableness of his conduct, in thus seizing upon particular characters, and holding them up for the amusement of the public. If either malignity or falshood are permitted to tarnish such pictures, no one will hesitate to condemn the poet, as sacrificing truth and honour, to gratify the general love of scandal: but perhaps he may be permitted to make the only excuse, which in this case is admissible, that he has lashed none but the truly vicious; that he has praised with the same candour as he has blamed; and that

he has touched upon folly with so light and sportive a hand, that the persons designed could scarcely fail to join in the laugh.

This volume is divided into two parts. The first part, which is called *The Female Book*, comprises the portraits of a number of the most distinguished ladies of fashion, arranged in a peculiar order, which greatly increases the effect. The second part, termed *The Male Book*, contains a similar succession of nobles and gentlemen, well known in the lists of statesmen, gamesters, beaux, wits, amateurs, and mere men of *ton*. The verse, in general, is harmonious; the expressions pointed; and there is occasionally a profusion of figures and ornaments, which greatly embellish the rugged brow of satire.

Poetry, however, can be distinctly depictured, only by specimens; and we shall be the more liberal in our quotations, as the poem entirely refers to the world of fashion, with which we also are occupied. We shall first select, from *The Female Book*, a passage, where the poet shews his skill in the playful delineation of a character considerably tinctured with the gay folly of our dissipated age, yet free from the impurer stains of vice. The beautiful Lady C—— C——, must have been heard of by all our readers:

L—— C—— C——.

" From Scotia's mountains, heralded by
" fame,
" Young, noble, beautiful, Belinda came;
" Than her's, no brighter lineage graced our
" isle,
" Her sire, the great, the good, the loved
" A——e;
" (A patriot race, who 'mid all perils stood,
" And seal'd their country's freedom with their
" blood;
" Pluck'd from a recreant prince the diadem,
" And saved for Brunswick's much-loved race
" the gem:)
" Her sire still oped his hospitable door,
" To glad the stranger, and relieve the poor;
" Wide spread his lawn, and fair his palace
" rose,
" And with the frequent guest the threshold
" glows;
" In grove or grotto play'd the village train,
" And every stranger trod the cultur'd plain;
" His happy tenants bore the unwrinkled
" brow,
" And 'live for ever!' was the general vow.
" Thus nobly sprung, Belinda's charms un-
" fold
" More than is given to birth, or bought with
" gold;
" The rose and lilly blending in her face,
" And all expression beaming through all
" grace;
" Her peerless figure such as poets feign,
" When Venus first ascended from the main;
" See how her motions vibrate to the heart!
" See every limb a master-piece of art!
" Not Venus' self knew more alluring wiles,
" Or more bewitching, more eternal smiles.
" No damp, no cloud o'erhung her opening
" day,
" Still witty, wanton, frolicksome and gay;
" The ground she tript seem'd livelier from her
" tread,
" The hearts she pierced throbb'd sprightlier
" as they bled.
" No prudish, mopish arts she deign'd to try,
" Nor grudged her beauties to the kindling
" eye;
" Still seen where fashion held her trophied
" court,
" Still known the foremost in the throng'd re-
" sort,
" No vot'ry sought a smile, and sought in
" vain,
" None praised unheard, unnoticed told his
" pain.
" Averse her bounteous soul to hide a charm
" Which Nature gave so many hearts to warm,
" Her ling'ring foot, the chariot mounting
" slow,
" Display'd the ancle to the circling beau;
" The welcomed eye perused the melting
" shape,
" And half forgot the intervening crape.
" That season past, when, on the natal day,
" Poor Pye still labours through his annual
" lay;
" When hoops and farthingales, in great dis-
" tress,
" High bolt upright are seen amidst the
" press;
" Now all, but splay-foot cits, from London
" strain,
" To brace their nerves against the next cam-
" paign;
" The gay Belinda seeks her native shades,
" And shines the fairest of the Grampian
" maids.
" Here joyous summer spreads so bright a
" hue,
" The meads so green, the distant hills so
" blue,

" So glassy clear expands the inland lake,
" So rich in varied charms the forests shake;
" So cheerful Nature gambols o'er the plain,
" In youth's first bloom, just freed from win-
" ter's chain;
" That southern climes may boast their double
" spring,
" And fruitage cull'd through every season
" bring;
" Tame, listless, dull, these changeless scenes
" appear,
" Nor know the varied sweets of summer
" here.
" Here too Belinda, sick of London toys,
" Found fresh delights, and brighter-blooming
" joys.
" An honest steward, from her sire's domains,
" With thrifty hand had cull'd no trivial
" gains;
" His thousand pence had swoln to thousand
" pounds,
" And rich and ample rose his purchased
" bounds:
" Bright wheel'd his chariot, fair his mansion
" stood;
" None but a Celt had guess'd his want of
" blood.
" A son he had, and thereby hangs a tale,
" A manlier youth ne'er trod a Highland
" vale;
" With stately figure, and with shoulders
" broad,
" That well might ease old Atlas of his load;
" His well-made limbs, health, strength, and
" vigour braced,
" His open count'nance bloom and courage
" graced:
" By youths like these, fair ladies' hearts are
" won,
" Though dapper elves may squire them
" through the *ton*.
" Belinda saw him—Need the rest be said?
" Belinda sigh'd, that she was still a maid;
" And when the youth, who fear'd to look so
" high,
" Perceived, yet durst not read her speaking
" eye,
" She felt 'twas folly thus unblest to prove,
" Grow green and yellow, and not tell her
" love;
" The Gordian knot she cut; and then with
" pride
" The wond'ring youth embraced his high-
" born bride:
" With him she'd bear the knapsack, scorn
" the crown,
" And pleased forsakes the follies of the town."

The following passage, characterising the celebrated Miss F——n, now Countess of D——, is in some passages still more poetical, though in others more poignant:

C—— of D——.

" Though sweet its odours, and though
" bright its hues,
" By kindly suns matured, and summer dews,
" How many a flower puts forth the bloom and
" dies,
" Unknown to fost'ring hands, or wand'ring
" eyes!
" How many a virgin, like the desart
" flower,
" Condemn'd to distant vale, and silent hour,
" All unregarded, wastes her blooming prime,
" All unregarded, yields her charms to time!
" Though never cheek disclosed a brighter
" dye,
" Though never beamed a more alluring eye,
" Though never bosom, with more am'rous
" swell,
" Inflamed the gay, or made the saint rebel;
" These all in vain benignant nature rears,
" An Ex'ter comes not in a hundred years.
" No eye to read, no scene to shew her
" charms,
" Some clown receives her in his callous arms;
" Her humble office, 'midst neglected shades,
" To tend her younglings, ply domestic trades,
" To keep the keys, and scold the loit'ring
" maids.
" But happy she, by brighter stars design'd,
" To shine in public and attract mankind;
" And all her charms to all advantage seen,
" Now smile the goddess, and now step the
" queen!
" Ne'er, from her lips, the accents fault'ring,
" slow,
" Like Miss from boarding-school's, ungraceful
" flow;
" Full, free, matured, the notes sonorous rise,
" While plaudits loud are mix'd with frequent
" sighs.
" Cast in the shade, by other objects crost,
" No motion fine, or witching leer is lost;
" Caught by a thousand eyes, born on bright
" feather,
" Talk'd with the news, and ponder'd with the
" weather.
" To scantling nature, here does licensed art
" A richer hue, and mellower shape, impart;
" By neighbouring rouge, the brighter eyes
" convey
" More brilliant glances to their panting
" prey;

" While floating robes, from fashion's newest
" mould,
" Just what she wills, and as she wills, unfold.
" Hence little *Nell* o'er Charles bore sove-
" reign sway,
" While crowds of rival beauties pass'd away;
" Hence *Polly Peachum*, with her smirking
" face,
" Shone first a Duke's sweet friend and then
" her Grace.
" Hence stale G———i saw her very floor
" With Tyrian purple quite bedizen'd o'er;
" Saw to her arms a pr——ly lover given,
" Whom M——y could not bind, nor vows
" of heaven.
" Hence Hoyden J——n rears her triple
" brood,
" And decks the last with gouts of r——l
" blood;
" Hence to her *fêtes* a princely host repair,
" And Cobbet sounds abroad the bill of fare,
" While saints look blue, and sinners cry, O
" rare!
" Hence still some Peer S—— L——r's li-
" very wears,
" Who o'er the pit her large bare bosom rears;
" Throws wide to every eye the gates of bliss;
" Till even the chimney-sweeps begin to hiss.
" Hence stately B——n boasts her warlike
" lord,
" E'en one who struts in red, and wears a
" sword;
" While hinting paragraphs, with varying car-
" riage,
" Now sink to settlements, now rise to mar-
" riage.
" Hence lively M——n, brisk and gay by
" trade,
" Makes fickle fortune serve a waiting-maid;
" Strange luck, indeed! so many turns to nick
" it,
" And win a thousand with *each* lottery ticket!
" Hence F——n, tall by nature, train'd by
" art
" To swim the motions of a *tonish* part,
" Now acts in truth the part she feign'd the
" while,
" And shines the best-bred C—nt—s of our
" isle.
" O boast of fashion! arts half deified!
" Claim'd by the great, their birth-right and
" their pride!
" How quickly learnt! How little changed
" you show,
" Caught by the mean, and mimick'd by the
" low!
" A well-made sharper, in a well-made dress,
" Shines quite as fine a gallant as his Grace;
" New phrases sports, new attitudes devises,
" Strikes with a bow, or with a frock sur-
" prises.
" A player's girl, not much by nature gifted,
" By some strange chance to court from green-
" room shifted,
" Shines in the groupe, who shone erewhile so
" high,
" That hers and theirs seemed quite a different
" sky;
" Her mien more graceful, and her dress more
" choice,
" And, harder still! more known to public
" voice.
" Thus, on the gay parterre, by art-wove
" bower,
" Each gazer's eyes attracts the favour'd
" flower;
" A thousand sweets its site conspicuous yields,
" Unknown to lovelier wreathes that deck the
" fields.
" But, from the dunghill, see the gard'ner
" chuse
" A plant of statelier stem and brighter hues;
" Fast by the bower, the vig'rous scyon stands,
" And fresh in flower, and full in bloom ex-
" pands:
" No more the passing gazer turns aside
" To those which shone before in matchless
" pride;
" Unmark'd their puny stalks and colours lie,
" The dunghill plant alone attracts the eye;
" 'Twas but the place which made *their* hues
" so fine,
" *Its* beauties wanted but a place to shine."

The text is throughout illustrated by a variety of notes, which our limits do not permit us to insert; and we trust that they will not be so indispensable to our readers in the circles of fashion, as the pointed allusions refer to facts which must be within their knowledge.—The length of the address to an illustrious personage prevents our extracting it; otherwise we should have gratified our readers with a passage, in which the keenest satire is mixed with the deepest pathos.

The Male Book is longer than the *Female*, and contains many severe strictures on certain distinguished personages. A young nobleman, of financial and dancing celebrity, is very dexterously characterised; and a statesman of long preponderance in the political world, is treated with a banquet of *praise* which he will not readily digest. In the notes are inserted cha-

racters of Pitt and Fox, which deserve much commendation for the impartiality with which their merits and defects are delineated. As a specimen of the political characters, we extract that of a late minister, whose military notions have drawn down upon him innumerable praises from one quarter, and infinite ridicule from another.

W—— W——.

" Nor teems our age alone with men of use,
" Bright men of genius too the times produce;
" Whose fancy ne'er in sober counsel sits,
" Whose judgments scarce o'ertake their eagle
" wits:
" Who bound from north to south, from east
" to west,
" Alone consistent in their hate to rest.
" From these selected, we may chance to find
" Some soaring genius of a vaster mind;
" Who greatly brilliant o'er the rest appears,
" Like comets sweeping through the lesser
" spheres.
" Ask you his party? Some have judg'd it
" known,
" But beat the bush, and proved the bird
" was flown;
" Have found the Whig a Tory in his heart,
" And the keen patriot act the placeman's
" part;
" Now shout of rights, impeachments, and
" reforms,
" Now shuddering warn the State of coming
" storms;
" Now call the people to assert their own,
" Now bid them crouch, and skulk behind the
" throne;
" Now talk of freedom as an angel bright,
" Now as a fiend that lurks for prey by night;
" Or driven by fear, or led by deeper wit,
" The friend of Fox become the friend of Pitt;
" Or wheeling round, when not allowed to
" reign,
" Desert from Pitt, and turn to Fox again.
" The man of genius in the council see,
" His colleagues tell they could not once agree;
" Still full prepared, and never at a loss,
" To raise objections, and all schemes to cross;
" Maintain his counter plans were wise and
" good,
" And only fail to make them understood.
" The eye of genius things so strangely
" strike,
" They seem at different periods quite unlike;
" Now clearly seen by opposition's beam,
" Strange, monstrous, huge, the fees of office
" seem;
" Now somewhat by the clouds of place ob-
" scured,
" These ills prodigious are with ease endured—
" Things to which none but mean-soul'd thrift
" attends,
" Cheese-parings mere, and useless candle-ends.
" E'en rank abuses, which could once in-
" spire
" The man of genius with consuming fire,
" Who almost burnt Whitehall with words of
" flame,
" While recreant placemen trembled at his
" name—
" Now shoot luxuriant underneath his nose,
" While, like his brethren, he enjoys his doze;
" And L——n stuffs his thousands in his
" purse,
" And finds a blessing where he fear'd a curse.
" From projects numerous as the motes of
" sun,
" To strike th' astonish'd world he seiz'd on
" one;
" Here fix'd his rest, and hence defiance hurl'd
" At all projectors who misled a world.
" Then Britain dreamt of honours near at hand,
" Of feats at sea surpass'd by deeds on land;
" Of willing myriads to her camp that throng,
" And all by pure affection drawn along;
" Men little moved by bounty, less by pay,
" And quite content with penny more a day;
" Of mighty armies form'd from bands like
" these,
" Who soon would Europe of her chains re-
" lease;
" And patriot ardour join'd to sudden art,
" The magic spells dissolve of Bonaparte:
" Thus Britain dream'd; but when she oped
" her eyes
" To look around her for realities,
" A midwife speech came posting to the House,
" And from the lab'ring hills produced a
" mouse.
" Say, who shall catch bright genius as it
" flies,
" Or reconcile its contrarieties?
" To soft humanity in gentle ways,
" A gallant tribute now Ventoso pays;
" Tells of those courteous knights, who, all
" for fame,
" Relieved the oppress'd and freed the captive
" dame,
" In whose pure breast no wayward passion
" rose,
" Who scorn'd to triumph but o'er equal foes;
" And, stout as generous, merciful as brave,
" Were proud to conquer, and more proud to
" save:

" Now hear him, in an English bull-dog mood,
" Call, with a patriot voice, for scenes of
" blood;
" Hold that a gory bull by dogs all torn,
" And dogs embowell'd on its mangling horn;
" Where mingled groans and yells the croud
" invite,
" And bones bereft of flesh amuse the sight,
" Will make bold Britons thirst for Gallic
" gore,
" And add new trophies to their bays of yore;
" Brave and relentless, piecemeal tear the foe,
" And, still insatiate, for new triumphs glow.
" And such was he who deem'd it nought to
" move
" The willing ardour of a people's love;
" Who judged the men that, freely and unpaid,
" Perform'd the task which others held a
" trade;
" That, prompt to save, and zealous to defend,
" Their life, their labour, to the State would
" lend—
" A butt for humour, and a mark for game,
" And well repaid with jeers, and galling
" shame:
" Whilst some fierce pamphleteer, who, rich
" in spleen,
" With loud, loose scandals, vapour'd round
" the scene,
" Who all men's honour, all men's skill de-
" based,
" Defamed all others, but Ventoso praised—
" Should with the worthies have his name en-
" roll'd,
" And to his fame a statue rear'd of gold!
" Still to be singular, his constant view,
" And, what no other would, to say and do;
" Still wrapt in mazy clouds of paradox,
" And still most pleas'd when most our sense
" he mocks.
" No tame consistency to curb his plan,
" Let others reconcile it if they can;
" Now would he bring no soldiers to the field,
" But all the best which all the land could
" yield;
" Pure gold quite sever'd from the drossy
" nation,
" And quite new men by martial education:
" Now Sundays mobs, with constable at head,
" To church-yard camps, by general sexton
" led,
" With pike accouter'd, or old rusty gun,
" With swearing corporal, drummer, fife and
" fun,
" With beer-pot ready, and attendant wench,
" Are quite the thing to overthrow the
" French!
" One day he'll talk of learning and what
" not,
" Another praise the wiser Hottentot;
" Maintain his breast with purer feelings
" glows,
" And guts and garbage are the best of clothes.
" Now hear him tell how little's due to birth,
" How education makes the man of worth:
" Now hear him hold that men, just as they're
" born,
" Are good and bad, as spring the tares, or
" corn;
" Nor teacher more can change them by his
" care,
" Than give or take high cheek-bones, and red
" hair.
" But hear the genius orator declaim,
" And strive to gain the palm of wordy fame:
" There Fancy throws poor Reason in the
" shade,
" There Exclamation lends her brilliant aid;
" There figures strange, by some enchantment
" caught,
" Are, neck and heels, into the service
" brought;
" There three leg'd metaphors, o'er hedge and
" stile,
" Bound with high limp, and fall into the
" toil;
" There words new-coin'd, and phrases from
" rag-fair,
" With thoughts refined, and turns poetic
" pair;
" There Metaphysic spreads her robe of snow,
" And, at her elbow, starts to hear "dust
" ho!"
" Strange is the motley group produced to
" view,
" Where something's always odd, and some-
" thing new
" Amused, fatigued, and never well content,
" The hearer loses but the argument;
" Profuse the garnish covers every spot,
" And but the foolish dishes are forgot.
" To guide the state, O! set this genius vast,
" Laputa's glories soon shall be surpass'd;
" The same dessert shall oft conclude the
" feast,
" And one plum-pudding serve a week at
" least:
" Bright beams from cucumbers chace winter
" keen,
" And ladies fair through cob-web robes be
" seen.

The character of the celebrated R——— B——— S——— which succeeds, is not less pointed; but, being equally long, must be

omitted. We hasten to present our readers with the true picture of a fashionable beau, the very prototype of the fry who are perpetually seen sporting their figures and equipage in Bond-street and Rotten-row.

E—— L——.

" But come, my muse, let gold-laced num-
" bers flow,
" To fashion's veriest sprig, an honourable
" beau;
" Shaped in the finest mould from head to
" foot,
" From gold-laced beaver down to mirror
" boot.
" Shouldst thou to draw his curtains be in-
" clined,
" By two past noon thou'rt sure the youth to
" find;
" But with a look must end thy hoped-for
" bliss,
" 'Twere too, too much, to turn him round and
" kiss.
" With help of valet, drest almost at three,
" And half to life again restored by tea;
" By four, on well-train'd courser mounts the
" beau,
" To sport his morning garb in Rotten Row.
" O if some new device from tailor's brain
" A wond'ring look from passing crowds should
" gain,
" What sweet emotions through his bosom
" steal!
" He feels in sooth as much as he can feel.
" To evening lounge, to coffee-house or
" shew,
" To rout or ball attend the gentle beau,
" Muse, 'twill not fag thee, for the silk-hosed
" limb
" With vulgar haste to nowhere carries him:
" His ling'ring steps in Bond-street or the
" Mall,
" A sloth might tend, a minute-hand might
" tell.
" Say, what pursuits his life of leisure fill?
" What tasteful arts or joys his moments kill?
" Much harder 'tis to answer than to ask,
" To gather moonshine is no easy task.
" High rank, great wealth, like hide, from
" nature got,
" Hereditary statesman, and what not;
" 'Twere vulgar quite to do one useful thing,
" To aid his country, or to serve his king.
" Too much for him to strut at head of corps,
" Or draw from county-club th' applauding
" roar;
" To woo the voter, buy what's stoutly sold,
" Or make sweet words pass current ev'n for
" gold;
" To mount the Hustings, pledge him to the
" chin,
" To do what he'll be d——d e'er do when in;
" To ride in triumph with a flag on high,
" O'er scenes which prove its motto is a lie:
" A rotten borough saves him all this pother,
" And county frays suit best his younger bro-
" ther.
" Such scenes of vulgar fume and noise his
" hate,
" As shook all Yorkshire to its base of late;
" When Strafford's heir, and Baron Hare-
" wood's son
" Their length of patriotism and purses run;
" And each, to win his country's favour, told
" A hundred thousand virtues set in gold.
" Too much, almost, for him to pay his
" court,
" Were not the drawing-room a throng'd
" resort:
" Or in full house the war of words to wage,
" 'Till dapper morn extinguishes the rage;
" Make courtly speech through simp'ring lips
" perspire,
" And hunt a long-sought Earldom for his
" sire:
" To him, by vulgar passions ne'er distrest,
" Enough to dress, and shew himself when
" drest.
" Hast thou beheld, on wings of autumn
" breeze,
" A roll of thistle-down pervade the leas?
" Softly it moves, or on the grass-top dwells,
" As gentle zephyr or subsides, or swells:
" Touch it——beneath the gentlest touch it
" sinks;
" Or squeeze it hard——it into nothing shrinks;
" With silky feel, a silky gloss it throws,
" But is the veriest useless thing that grows.
" Yet such a thing some passion can retain,
" Can ride his hobby, have his point to gain:
" Should some one dream his looks and figure
" bear
" A faint report to Britain's royal heir;
" The fond conceit possessing all his heart,
" The mimic prince is seen in every part:
" Still the same dress the royal form be-
" speaks,
" And still his royal pattern's haunts he
" seeks;
" How blest to him, if some one bends the
" head!
" Or slaps the prince, and thinks 'twas done to
" Ned!

Here we must conclude our extracts, leaving our readers to seek for further entertainment in the work itself. Though the satire may occasionally want some lenitive touches, and the notes more vigour, yet we have seldom derived more amusement from a volume; and as the author shews himself a steady friend of good morals, and of his country, we make no hesitation in recommending it to general perusal.

THE EXODIAD: A POEM.

BY THE AUTHORS OF CALVARY AND RICHARD THE FIRST.

THE author of *Richard the First* is Sir James Bland Burgess, who wrote some lines that were published with the Princess Elizabeth's drawings, and who figured as the achates of Mr. Cumberland's life. The author of *Calvary*, as every body knows, is Mr. Cumberland himself, the most voluminous of modern poets. What part of the joint production now before us, may have been composed by Mr. Cumberland, and how much may have sprung from the brain of Sir James, these authors, in their advertisement, declare it impossible even for themselves to ascertain. If Mr. Cumberland be wise, he will take advantage of this statement, and throw the whole weight of the poem's reputation on the shoulders of his enterprising colleague. Sir James, who is little known, may gain some credit by having written a work which has few faults; but Mr. Cumberland, who has blazed forth as a genius, must lose renown by the production of a work which has no beauties. But we are afraid that Mr. Cumberland's genius has begun to run downward with the sands of Time's hour-glass: and if we did not recollect the consequence of the advice which Gil Blas, with an imprudent wisdom, obtruded on his patron, we should say to this venerable author in the words of Horace:

"*Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne*
"*Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.*"

There is another passage in this same Horace, on which, perhaps, Mr. Cumberland may lay some stress, and in which he may place too full a faith: it is in the Epistle to Lollius:

"*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem*
"*Testa diu.*"

Diu, but not *semper!* We fear that age has a paralyzing influence over the minds, as well as over the bodies of the frail sons of clay!

Feeling as we do upon this subject, we are sorry to learn from the before-mentioned advertisement, that four books more will be necessary to complete the poem. We do not say this merely from a dread of the fatigues which must await us in the perusal of the remainder; but candidly and sincerely from a respect for the fame of so illustrious a man as Mr. Cumberland.

The poem, *secundum artem*, must begin with an invocation: But on a sacred subject, why invoke that heathenish jill-flirt, the Muse? The tribes of Israel are introduced to our notice in the instant of their miraculous preservation from the waves of the Red Sea. They then are arranged under their proper leaders, and Moses returns thanks to heaven. The people are terrified when they contemplate the dreary wilderness before them: Moses encourages their hearts: Korah endeavours, in a surly speech, to breed a mutiny among them; Joshua drives him from the assembly; Aaron takes part with his brother Moses; Moses relates the history of his miraculous calling; Korah in his tent is visited by Dathan and Abiram: Each of the three latter makes an oration, and the first book concludes. Those who are fond of speeches, have here an ample treat: those who hunger for action or imagination, will be woefully starved—"Words, "words, words!" *Shakspeare.*

The second book reminded us a good deal of some tours published a few years ago by a Mr. Warner, and entitled *Walks through Wales.* That literary pedestrian seldom concluded a chapter without informing you how hungry he was when he arrived at his inn, or how thirsty he was when he reached some half-way house; and in order to relieve you from the pain which you must have endured from pity of his craving stomach, he very humanely crowned the history of his sufferings, by a detail of the food by which they were allayed. In the second

book of the Exodiad the tribes begin to march, and having gone a little way, are very thirsty: so Moses changes a bitter pool into a sweet spring, and they drink. They march a little further, and grow very hungry: so then we have the history of the fall of manna.

A party of Amalekites, commanded by Omar, meet and insult the Israelites: Joshua answers in a decided manner; Omar goes back to King Amalek, who resolves to fight, and makes a sacrifice to his false God, Chemos. A council of war is called in the Hebrew camp: the tribes advance to Rephidim, and an engagement takes place. Elishama, of the tribe of Ephraim, fights till he is almost exhausted: then Caleb of Judah saves him from the sword of Omar, and Omar is slain. This battle and book conclude with a single combat between Joshua and Amalek, in which the latter falls. This part of the second book is by far the most interesting portion of the poem.

After the dispersion of the Amalekites, the wounds of Joshua became dangerous, and at the prayer of Moses, are healed. The remedial spirit pervades the limbs of Elishama also. An altar is built to Jehovah, and eternal war is denounced against the Amalekites, upon which Korah makes two or three more speeches against Moses. Jethro arrives with his daughter and grand-children, the wife and sons of Moses. Moses entertains him: and Jethro pays the generous prophet in the old coin—a long speech. Moses too makes an oration to Korah, in which he warns that discontented leader of his danger. The people come to Sinai, where the Ten Commandments are delivered: and these commandments are set down here in blank verse, some of the phrases being, of course, considerably altered. Surely this is not in good taste.

In the fourth book, the people arrive on the confines of the promised land, and become clamorous for immediate attack. Korah is congratulating himself on the rising sedition, when the never-failing rhetoric of Moses settles every thing quietly, and Korah goes out of the assembly. Twelve spies are sent to explore the country, of whom Joshua and his friend Caleb are two. Korah is now, in the true style of the wonderful Magazines, made to patch up an alliance with Chemos, the evil spirit. That accommodating Deity gives him his own terms, takes him up from the desart where they are chatting, and quietly sets him down fast asleep in his own tent. He wakes, much alarmed, and the fourth book, which is the furthest that yet has been published, concludes.

We cannot admire the fashion which has now-a-days become so prevalent, of manufacturing poems upon sacred subjects. Even Milton himself would be more admirable to us, if he had written on ony other events than those which he has treated in his poems of Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. Where the immediate favourites of Heaven are represented as under the actual guidance of the Almighty, human genius must fall short of the adequate grandeur—and where Moses, Aaron, and such other long-bearded personages are represented as mere unaided men, they are certainly the most uninteresting set of people in the annals of history. We think it particularly unlucky that Mr. Cumberland and his colleague should have pitched on this part of Jewish history, because there are a great number of people who are yet to look upon the whole life of Moses as a series of impostures, and with such people the Exodiad can have little effect. As for the great mass of persons who, without having made up their minds to doubt, are nevertheless, by no means fixed in belief, the Exodiad will be very mischievous: for really these two poets have generally made Korah speak in so reasonable and convincing a style, that Moses seems at best a suspicious character. If they meant to do good to the cause of religion, and attack infidelity by the arms of poetry, they should not at any rate have given Korah so much sense. In our opinion, these subjects should not be too much discussed. Many of the mandates which Moses delivered as coming from the Almighty, are of a nature very irreconcileable to that weak thing called human reason: and infidels have taken occasion to say, that if the works of Moses were, in fact, the miracles of God, our God is not a God of justice and mercy: But that which to us seems unmerciful and unjust, might appear, if we knew the extent of heavenly wisdom, to be the height of justice attempered with mercy. Yet the world in general will not give credit to God for understanding his own attributes better than his creatures understand them. They know not why an apple falls to the ground; yet when a nation is revolutionised, they cry out that God cannot have produced the effect, because they do not understand the cause! If Moses were an impostor, and Mr. Cumberland does not wish to expose him, why submit unintelligible actions to the despotic tribunal of man's ordinary reason? Reason, in the vulgar stubborn sense of that word, must convict the Hebrew. If Mr. Cumberland believe in the holy mission of Moses, he ought equally to have considered the impropriety of canvassing the dictates of Hea-

ven, and giving to the infidel Korah the appearance of justice and good sense. There is a reason which is strong in a sense of its own weakness; and with such a reason every subject may be safely treated: but such is not the reason of the generality of readers.

The particular faults of this poem are few: among them the most remarkable are the following flat passages:

" Again the Lord:
" I will be with thee, and upon this mount
" Me shall ye worship, when I've brought you
" out."

The next is an instance of bad English, unaccountable in such an author as Mr. Cumberland—perhaps, therefore, the line is Sir James's:

" Frowning he laid, and dreadful e'en in death."

The verb " *to lye*," makes " *lay*," and not " *laid*," in the imperfect.

And the only other instance that we shall cite, is an instance exhibiting as great carelessness in grammar as the last exhibited scorn of the English language:

" Thou said'st it was a secret betwixt Heaven
" And thine own heart, and pray'd me to
" desist."

Why not pray'd'st?

After these extracts we would willingly give some passages which might display the merits of the style: but we have searched for such passages in vain. Perhaps the greatest elevation of thought which appears in the poem, is to be found in the conclusion of the third book; but though we think it tolerable, we cannot admire it; and we subjoin it rather that we may prove to our readers our own desire of doing justice, than because we hope it will add any credit to the names of the authors:

" Ah, hapless Israel! blessed had'st thou
" been,
" And above all the unenlightened world;
" Happy in knowledge, had'st thou wisely
" kept
" Pure and inviolate these sacred proofs
" Of one eternal, immaterial God,
" To thee alone revealed on Sinai's mount.
" Thou wert God's nation, and he was thy
" king:
" Why art thou now rejected and dispersed
" Through every quarter of the peopled earth?
" Because thou gav'st thyself to human kings,
" And they gave thee to less than human Gods,
" To lifeless stocks and stones. Did'st thou
" not then,
" On ere Mount Sinai's fulminating top,
" Had ceased to flow with those seraphic fires,
" That veiled the face of thy descending God?
" Did'st thou not even then revolt, and kneel
" To the brute image of a molten calf?
" What likeness saw'st thou of the living God,
" That thou should'st pay it worship, and pro-
" voke
" The meekest of mankind to dash to earth,
" And in an angry moment to destroy,
" The work of forty days, the sacred laws
" On stony tablets graved by God himself?
" What ailed thee, Aaron, to forget the Lord?
" What, Miriam, thee—a leper white as snow?
" Why burned the fires at Taberah? Why died,
" Unmourned of Israel, Aaron's priestly sons?
" Greatly, Oh wretched people! have ye
" sinn'd,
" And sore aggrieved the spirit of your God;
" But forasmuch as faithfully ye kept
" The wond'rous annals, which that book
" divine,
" From the first birth of nature, through the
" chain
" Of your eventful history, unfolds
" More grateful thanks from the whole Chris-
" tian world,
" And milder treatment than ye have received
" Ye justly merit; for to you we owe
" Discoveries, which no human thought had
" reach'd,
" And only inspiration could supply;
" Therefore we know, that, for the remnant
" left,
" God will provide; and, though for ages past,
" Ye have been wand'rers, will, in his good
" time,
" Gather your scattered flock into his fold."

For our own parts, however, we are not inclined to give quite so much praise to the Jews, for having preserved these discoveries: because we do not know why the Jews should be treated kindly for having preserved what was useful to themselves. The real reason why they should be treated kindly by us is, that we call ourselves Christians.

The firm of Cumberland and Burgess flatters itself, we fear, beyond all reason. For if the Exodiad shall be as speedily forgotten, as in all probability it will, vain indeed must be the words of the concluding sentence in that advertisement which we before noticed:

" At all events, although the judgment of the
" public should award us nothing but a joint-

" stock property in disappointment, we shall " still have the gratification to reflect, that, " though we have failed to have a monument " of our fame, we have succeeded in bequeath- " ing a memorial of our friendship." Unless their fame be lasting, who will ever hear of their friendship?

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN*.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.
Author of the Pleasures of Hope.

I.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

II.

But Linden shew'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light,
The darkness of her scenery.

III.

By torch and trumpet-sound array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

IV.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,
And rallying, like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

V.

And redder still those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of purpled snow;
And bloodier still shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

VI.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout, mid' their sulphurous canopy.

VII.

The battle thickens—On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory, or the grave;
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

VIII.

Oh! few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

* It adds to the interest of this beautiful poem, that the author was actually on the field of battle.

TO A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE, BUT VERY COVETOUS AND PROUD.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is their avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have died.

SONG.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove?
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind;
And, while I range from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

But, O! how faint is every joy,
Where Nature has no part;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity every where;
Yet languish for their native home,
Though death attends them there.

EPITAPH ON HOGARTH.

BY GARRICK.

(Taken from his Tombstone in Chiswick Church Yard.)

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose *pictured morals* charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

If *Genius* fire thee, reader, stay;
If *Nature* touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY HENRY FIELDING, AUTHOR OF TOM JONES.

WHILE at the helm of State you ride,
Our nation's envy, and its pride;
Would you not wonder, sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt;
When you have read the sequel out.
You know, great sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it must follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great:
Forbid it, Gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be as great as I.
The family that dines the latest,
Is, in our street, esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
'Fore him who never dines at all.
Familiar you to admiration,
May be approach'd by half the nation;
While I, like the Mogul in Indo,
Am never seen but at my window.
Greatness, by poets, still is painted,
With many followers acquainted:
This too does in my favour speak;
Your levee is but twice a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day,
My door is quiet on a Sunday.
We're always taught it does behove us,
To think them greater who're above us;
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you twice two story;
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of Arlington *.
If with my greatness you're offended,
The fault is easily amended;
For I'll come down, with wond'rous ease,
Into whatever place you please.
Admiral, general, judge, or bishop,
Or I can foreign treaties dish up;
Tuscan and French are in my head,
Latin I write, and Greek I read.
If you ask what fittest for, you know, I'm sure—
I'm fittest for a sinecure.

* Where Sir Robert then lived.

LITTLE THINGS ARE BEST.

LINES ADDRESSED BY A LITTLE LADY TO THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE THINGS ARE BEST."

SO *little* is there here below
Of joy to make us blest,
That sure, since there's so *much* of woe,
All "*little things are best.*"

Love goes by contraries, 'tis thought,
Then kneel to her who's *long*;
For *thou* art witty, sweet, and *short*,
Just like thy *little* song.

A *little lady* then might grieve
Did'st thou her passion move,
For who that knows thee can believe
Little could make thee love!

But know, though *little thou* may'st be
(To cease from sportive jest)
She owns whene'er she thinks of thee,
That "little things are best."

PETITA.

North Britain, Oct. 1, 1807.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

THE too frequent production of novelty is not a fault in general attributable to the managers of our theatres; and it is a charge which the conductors of Drury Lane have been in a most particular manner sedulous to avoid. The wheels of that crazy concern very often go creaking on, night after night, without one drop of fresh oil to grease and accelerate them. But as we are always desirous of doing justice, and admire the old proverb which says, "give "the devil his due," we will not withhold our applause, such as it is, from the proprietors or managers, or boxkeepers, or board of con-

troul, or other presiding powers, whatever they may be, by whose vigilance the theatre has this year been supplied with novelty. Their exertions have been in some degree successful: and in speaking of the performances which have, during the last few weeks, been exhibited at Drury Lane, we shall not often be obliged to turn from the pleasant and flowery road of panegyric, upon the thistly and irritating path of censure.

The play of *Pizarro* was performed on the 29th of September, and a Mr. Putnam, who has for some time been an approved performer on the Dublin stage, made his first appearance on London boards in the character of *Alonzo*. This gentleman unquestionably possesses theatrical powers that entitle him to some consideration. For though his face is not expressive, yet his voice is extremely powerful: and he does not, like some strong-lunged actors, bellow and burst, for the sake of showing how much noise he can make. There is a chastened and temperate stile of speaking, which may be made infinitely more expressive than the most sonorous continuation of vociferative fury; and an actor who knows the secret of producing effects, is aware that even applause is oftener gained by a judicious lowering of the tone, than by a mad elevation. And where the nature of the scene is such that no applause can be gained either by open or suppressed passion, an actor shows his good sense by keeping back that which the sense has forbidden to come forward, and obtains, with the discerning part of his audience, some credit for understanding that which now-a-days so very few persons do understand—the proportion of character. For a character is like a map, and should throughout be adjusted to a certain scale: that which is really great, should be made prominent, and that which is naturally insignificant, should be withheld from obtrusion. But the generality of actors have no notion of this proportion or scale, they magnify trifles and annihilate excellences: which is just as absurd as the blunders of children, who, when they draw a man standing by a house, very frequently make the tenant much bigger than his habitation. Mr. Putnam, as far as we can judge from his performance of *Alonzo*, appears to have considered this principle of the theatric art: for where Mr. Sheridan, or rather Mr. Kotzebue, had thrown back the part, Mr. Putnam was contented to remain also in the back-ground; but where, in the third act, *Alonzo* rises upon his misfortunes and swells into a strain of declamation, which, though unnaturally written, is almost always effective, there Mr. Putnam threw out his powerful voice, and produced a strong sensation on the hearts of his audience. He always spoke with sense, and sometimes with feeling: and if, on that evening, Mr. Putnam had been making his first appearance on any stage, instead of his first appearance in London, we should have pronounced him to be one of the most promising young actors who has for a long time appeared. But there are about him certain defects, which his experience in provincial theatres ought long before this time to have corrected. Such are, an extreme embarrassment about the ordinary business of the stage, which is a fault almost as distressing to the audience as it must be to the actor himself, and a most unpleasant unwieldness of legs and feet, which completely does away the possibility of a dignified appearance. These are defects which, though time has not conquered them, attention may amend; and we think Mr. Putnam appears to have so much in his *head*, that he may be justified in bestowing some attention on his *feet*. We congratulate him on the great applause which he received; and we think him particularly fortunate in having triumphed on the twenty-ninth of September, a fatal day to actors, the day of all others when *hissing* must be most prevalent, because *goose is in every body's mouth*.

Mr. Elliston was the representative of *Rolla*: and though he seldom does so much for his author in tragedy as he does in comedy, yet in the character of the interesting Peruvian, he displayed great spirit and strong feeling. There are some actors who want only practice to improve them: Mr. Elliston stands in the singular predicament of suffering by the extent of his practice. All the genius in the world, (and we think Mr. Elliston possesses a great deal) will never give first-rate excellence to a man who acts different parts of great length every night in the week; for while Mr. Elliston ought to be studying the niceties of *Don Felix*, he is under the necessity of getting by rote the text of *Rolla*: so that though his natural powers bear him boldly, and almost always agreeably, through the characters that he plays, yet his acting is often without those fine touches of discrimination, that proportion of the parts to the whole, and that perpetual flash of creative conception, which constitute the excellence of a perfect actor. When Mr. Elliston, by playing three times a week, might be as admirable as he is agreeable, why will he play every night, and

sacrifice the glory of astonishing, to the mere pleasure of pleasing?

Mrs. Powell, who performed *Elvira*, performed it with energy; but she does not appear in her best light, when she is arrayed in the garb of Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Powell is one of those few actresses who have strength of mind to conceive much: but she is also one of those many actresses who have not sufficient cultivation of taste, and extent of information, to dress design in all its appropriate colours. Her sketches are always bold, but they are sometimes out of drawing.

Mr. Barrymore's *Pizarro*, was a very praiseworthy performance. In the rigid characters of tragedy, this actor is scarcely to be surpassed.

How can we refuse our tribute of applause to the interesting manner of Mrs. Henry Siddons's *Cora?* But *Cora* is one of those characters which the author has strangely mistaken in its effect. The performance of a favourite and beautiful actress may throw a reflected interest upon the part; but a critic who can divest himself of deceitful associations, and view the character independently of the actress, will perceive that *Cora*, instead of interesting, disgusts the heart. *Rolla*, with a heroism of friendship, and a self-command *which could be found only in the breast of a savage*, has resigned the pretty *Cora* to her dear *Alonzo*. Yet when *Cora* takes leave of the warriors before the battle, she does not even think of noticing *Rolla*, till he begs a farewell. When *Rolla*, after the loss of *Alonzo*, repeats to *Cora* her husband's injunction, that if *Alonzo* were lost, *Rolla* should espouse her; she, with equal ingratitude and conceit, accuses *Rolla* of having betrayed *Alonzo*, in order to gain possession of his wife. And when at last the gallant *Rolla*, who, though a friend, has never ceased to be a lover, saves the little *Fernando* from the Spaniards, and brings him to the maternal arms of *Cora*, the attention of *Cora* is turned upon her own child, and not upon its heroic deliverer.

The play of *Pizarro* has been much and often attacked. Many of the charges exhibited against it, are most undoubtedly well-founded: but we never can totally despise a play which contains such a character as *Rolla*. The interest excited by the historians for the injured natives of Peru, has been by Kotzebue admirably concentered upon the person of *Rolla*, their general. And when divested of all public relations, we view him in his private character, we find a man who has made the noblest, and, we believe, the most difficult sacrifice of which the human heart is capable, in surrendering to a friend more fortunate, the woman whom he fondly loves. *Cora*, becoming the wife of *Alonzo*, is still the object of *Rolla's* affection: but it is that bright, pure, disinterested affection, which though perhaps it seldom can be fostered in the breast without leading to a guilty and irresistible passion, yet considered as a conception of elegant romance, excites, in the strongest degree, the sympathy of all who have ever felt. The events of his life are as interesting as the nature of his soul. He is the commander of an invaded people; the witness of a friend's captivity: he is disappointed in love, and perishes in the act of proving how well he has deserved a kinder fate. With such materials, what a play *Pizarro* might have been, if well constructed, it is not difficult to conceive? but the most sterling gold is not of common currency, unless the regular stamp be upon it.

With all its faults, it deserves better acting than it receives in the subordinate characters. The *Almagro*, the *Davila*, and such other third-rate gentry, are of a very indifferent cast. And a great flatness was thrown upon the musical part of the play, by the absence of Mrs. Mountain, who was appointed for one of the *Virgins of the Sun*, but for some reason or other did not think fit to make her appearance till the middle of the third act; so that, unless Mrs. Mathews, with her usual kindness, had sung a part which did not belong to herself, the whole effect of the music must have been lost. As it was, the sounds were much impaired; for, instead of six vocal parts, the scenes were performed with only five.

On the 6th of October, Mrs. Whitlock, a sister of Mrs. Siddons, who had for many years been performing with great reputation in America, made her appearance as *Elwina*, in Miss Hannah More's tragedy of *Percy*. The part was not well suited to her powers, and the dress that she wore was by no means calculated to give additional youth and beauty to her person. Had she selected some more marked character of tragedy, such as *Margaret of Anjou*—nay, had she mounted to the highest walk of the buskined Muse, and appeared as *Lady Macbeth*, or *Queen Constance*, we have no hesitation in saying, that her applause, which even now has been flattering, would have exceeded almost any thing that has been heard for many years; that is, putting out of the question the diseased taste which smacked the lips at Master Betty's appearance.

Excepting only Mrs. Siddons, of whom we say, as Mr. Pitt said of Mr. Fox, "that her splen- "did talents must make her an exception to "every rule," Mrs. Whitlock is, in dramatic science, by far the best actress we ever saw. We do not apprehend that people in general will think with us, because her dress made her look awkward in person, and the generality of people form their judgment of acting by the criterion of the eye, rather than by that of the heart; but we have never made any secret of the very low estimation in which we hold the theatrical opinions of the town at large: and in the criticisms of this magazine, we have not chosen basely to pander to the vicious appetite of the many-headed monster, but have erected a standard, which, though we cannot always surround it with adherents, we are sure it will be impossible for the united mob to overthrow: Mrs. Whitlock has a fine voice, a creative genius, and a nice discrimination: the part of *Elwina* gives little scope for the display of those admirable requisites; and the terror of appearing before a London audience, in some instances, impaired the breadth of the actress's effects: but we, who were placed very near to the stage, could easily perceive from the outline that she made, how capable she is of greater productions. In fact, she rather acted as if she were performing in a small theatre of good judges, than exerting her physical powers to catch the admiration of the vulgar. She thought too highly of the English audience.

Mr. Elliston was very successful in *Percy*: and Mr. H. Siddons gave to the character of *Lord Douglas* an energy which gained him the loudest and most merited applause. In parts of strong feeling no actor in the theatre can excel Mr. Henry Siddons.

The 10th of October brought forward that dullest of all operas, *Love in a Village*, with a new *Rosetta*. This fair candidate for musical fame, is a Miss Lyons, who has studied under several of the most noted teachers: among others, Mr. Langa and Mr. Corri. She has a voice of extraordinary power and sweetness, which, amidst all the embarrassment of a painful timidity, she exerts with so much taste and correctness, as to draw forth perpetual applause, from all classes of her audience. In her figure she is rather above the middle size; and as her voice entitles her to rank among the best singers of the theatre, so her countenance gives her a claim to eminence among the most admired beauties.

In the same opera, Mr. Smith, whom we remember to have frequently seen at Sadler's Wells, performed the character of *Hodge*. As this is the only part this comedian has yet acted, in a regular theatre, it would scarcely be just to speak of him in very general terms: but certainly, as far as we have hitherto had an opportunity of contemplating him, we are not enabled to speak of him in terms of panegyric. The peculiar hardness of his manner, and violence of his tone, render him exceedingly unfit for the part of *Hodge*, who amid all his inconstancy, and even cruelty, is indeed rustically coquettish, but should not be inhumanly unfeeling.

Mr. Dowton, in *Justice Woodcock*, gave richness to the scanty humour of his part; but in the great scene with *Rosetta*, he was not sufficiently sheepish to convey the precise idea of a liquorish old man cautiously venturing upon tenderness. The *Justice* is represented by the author as so awkward in his mode of making love, that he begins his advances by the round-about interrogation—"I hope you don't come "into the garden to eat the green fruit?" But Mr. Dowton made up to *Rosetta* with as energetic an expectation of success, as *Ranger* exhibits when he seizes *Mrs. Strictland*.

Mr. Johnstone's *Hawthorn*, though rather too Irish in point of dialect, was ready and pleasant; and Mrs. Mathews has seldom appeared to more advantage than in *Lucinda*. Some of our cotemporaries have observed upon the kindness with which she endeavoured to dissipate, and relieve the terrors of the interesting *Rosetta*; and we are happy to add to their approbation our little tribute of praise.

The inferior characters were respectably sustained.

Among the forthcoming pieces are a comedy by Mr. Eyre, and a comedy by Mr. Lee; an opera has lately been accepted—another opera by Mr. Theodore Hook, is in preparation: and a musical farce by Mr. Kenney, is also to be speedily produced.

COVENT GARDEN.

Among the most prominent evils of the modern theatre, is the eagerness with which young performers of every description are dragged upon the stage. Novelty, when accompanied by merit, is always pleasing: but why will managers, whose experience must have given them some knowledge of the profession that they direct, sacrifice the quiet by raising the hopes of so many young persons as they now make it a rule to produce? At Covent Garden, it has been for many years, the system to bring forward a new actress or two in each year. But it scarcely ever happens that any of these ladies

gets a second engagement, or even a second season; so that, perhaps, after having played for a couple of months, the principal characters of her line, and played them rather with indulgence than with approbation, the poor girl is obliged to roam about the country in poverty and pain, or return disappointed into the bosom of a helpless family. How much better that she had never risen, than that she had risen only to sink!

Miss Bampfylde made her first appearance on the 28th of September, in the character of *Rosina*. Her voice is but feeble, nor is it marked by any peculiar sweetness; and for so simple a part as that of *Rosina*, her action was rather redundant. She was not rewarded by any very boisterous acclamations, and repeated her performance but once. Mrs. Liston sung sweetly in *Phœbe*, and Mr. Taylor, in *William*, was sufficiently characteristic to be diverting. We think it is in parts of humble life that this gentleman is most excellent; his manner and voice are not good enough for the acting, or the singing of *Lord Ainworth*, *Young Meadows*, or *Captain Macheath*; but for *William*, *Lubin*, and *Mat of the Mint*, he possesses many valuable requisites. Mr. Incledon introduced the silly song, "*Tell her I love her.*" Now the music of this song is generally liked; but why does not Mr. Incledon find more rational words for it! Perhaps he is not aware, that the present words, instead of being intended for a serious air, were actually written as a burlesque upon the modern style of song-writing. However, he has the excuse of a very great example; for the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield, who was at least as literary a man as Mr. Incledon, actually praised in sober sadness, the nonsense verses that Pope had written on the sonnetteers of Queen Anne's day: though the two first lines appear broad enough to display the whole intent of the sonnet to an eye less penetrating than Mr. Wakefield's. We speak of the celebrated namby pamby, beginning

"Melancholy smooth *Meander*,
"Gently purling in a *round*."

The reign of tragedy resumed its wonted splendour on the fifth of last month, when Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance as *Queen Catherine*, in *Henry the Eighth*. As we have in a former number given, at a very great length, our opinion of this most admirable performance, we think it unnecessary here to do more than refer our readers to that account. Mrs. Siddons has since played *Lady Macbeth*, *Elvira*, and others of her most celebrated characters, with the same admiration that has usually crowned her unrivalled efforts.

After the play of *King Henry the Eighth* was performed the farce of *Tom Thumb*. The great attraction of this farce is the *Lord Grizzle* of Mr. Liston. He does, indeed, act this part with a mock solemnity, a tragic action, and a general air of distress so irresistibly comic, that nothing could heighten the impression produced by his acting, except the drollery of his dancing. He introduces a *pas-seul*, in which the operatic style is so admirably imitated, that though the true spirit of farce is preserved in the expression, yet all the outward flourishes are completely those of the most thorough bred Parisian. We wish that Mr. Munden, who acts *King Arthur*, would keep up the tragedy of *his* part. Instead of playing mock-heroically, Mr. Munden plays unsophisticated farce. Now nothing can be so little comic as this conception: for, unless the manner of the tragic actors be burlesqued as well as the style of the tragic poets, the uniformity of the jest is completely destroyed. Mr. Taylor's *Noodle* is excellent, and Mrs. Liston is admirable in *Dollalolla*. Miss Bolton has taken the part of *Huncamunca*, which formerly belonged to Mrs. Smith: and there can be no reason to regret the change. The other characters are tolerably sustained: but the child who plays *Tom Thumb* is not so great a Roscius as his predecessor, little Benson.

A number of reports have been spread, insinuating that Mr. Lewis is about to quit the stage: and Mr. Jones, who played that gentleman's characters in the Dublin theatre, has been engaged by Mr. Harris at a large salary. That the reports of Mr. Lewis's intended relinquishment are not true, we most sincerely and earnestly hope; and indeed while he is so capable of delighting his audience, a desertion would be as impolitic for him as it must be unfortunate for the town. At the same time we are not inclined to speak meanly of Mr. Jones, who appears to be a young man of much promise.

It was on the ninth of last month that Mr. Jones made his first appearance in London: and the characters which he selected were those of *Goldfinch*, in the play of *The Road to Ruin*, and *Baron Willinghurst*, in the farce called *Of Age To-morrow*. In the former character, he evinced a liveliness and ease which obtained for him the greatest applause: but he seemed to have an idea that the louder was the welcome of the audience, the louder ought to be his

tones; and accordingly, through the whole play and farce, he exerted his lungs in a manner which injured the effect of a very pleasing voice. He appeared, nevertheless, to labour under great embarrassment: and, perhaps, his too violent exertion may have been occasioned by the same painful sort of feeling which we remember to have heard a young barrister describe in himself. When I rose to address the court, said the poor counsellor, I was so much alarmed, and yet so unwilling to be quizzed as a timid, aukward boy, that I over did the business on the other side, and was rebuked for the extent of my confidence. In *Goldfinch*, this fault was not so conspicuous, because the whole merit of the part, if the part can be said to have any merit at all, consists in a sustained tone of rattle, which will allow almost any vigour of delivery. But in the character of the *Baron*, in the farce, it should be remembered that a lover in disguise, is not to play a thousand antics, and talk loud for the amusement of some dozen of barren spectators; but to carry on the business of the stage in such a manner as may most conduce to the furtherance of his design. If the *Baron* had been half as eccentric as Mr. Jones pourtrayed him, he could not, for a single moment, have remained unsuspected by the *Old Lady*. A man who enters a house in the garb of a hair-dresser, will naturally rather speak quietly, and wink in secret at his mistress, than talk loudly and skip about the aunt, careless of the niece for whom he has made the attempt.

In *The Road to Ruin*, the other characters were respectably acted; Mr. Munden in *Old Dornton*, was conspicuously excellent, and Miss Norton, who performed *Sophia* with spirit, was much better than in either of her former characters. In the farce, Mrs. Charles Kemble was much applauded in her old part of the *Maid*, and Miss Bolton gained equal favour in the interesting little character of the *Mistress*.

Mr. Jones, on the following Friday, again performed the same character; and on the 21st, appeared as *Gingham*, in the comedy of *The Rage*. We noticed the same defects in this performance that were observable in his other parts; and we hope that when he has become a little more accustomed to the theatre, he will be able to modulate his voice so as to produce a less boisterous effect. It is not an easy matter to give any decided opinion upon the acting of such characters as those which Mr. Jones has hitherto undertaken; for nature is the only standard of true criticism, and these parts are all diverting in proportion as they recede from nature. But with so agreeable a voice, and so lively a manner as Mr. Jones possesses, we think he is likely to become a favourite; and in such characters as *Tom Shuffleton*, *Osrick*, *Count Basset*, *Sparkish*, *Sir David Daw*, and other fops, we should not expect to see him outdone.

Mrs. Mattocks, in *Lady Sarah*, made a hundred admirable points. Mr. Emery dressed *Sir Paul Perpetual*, most ludicrously well; and Mr. C. Kemble, as *Darnley*, displayed his usual elegance of manner and force of feeling.

In the laughable comedy, or rather five-act farce, called *The School for Prejudice*, a Miss Stubbs represented the character of *Fanny Liberal*. More female failures! Our conscience will not allow us to say any thing civil of this young lady, and our gallantry will not permit us to speak harshly of her. It is only when the repetition of bad performances calls loudly for animadversions, that we are inclined to deal out censure in detail. When a performer, or manager acquiesces in a failure, and ceases to trouble the town, the items of disapprobation can only wound the feelings of an individual, without doing any good to the public, or to the profession. Mr. Fawcett was *Ephraim*, the benevolent Jew. By a certain agreeable roughness of manner, which is peculiar to himself, he much assisted the professed object of the play, the counteraction of prejudice: and the Jew, by his performance, must have appeared, even in the eyes of the vulgar, as respectable as a man of the established persuasion. However, the author has not afforded so much scope for the effectuation of this rational purpose, as the title of his play gives occasion to hope: for the Jew would have stood infinitely higher in the minds of the audience, if he had not been bullied by the empty fox-hunter. This fox-hunter, whose name is *Chevy Chace*, was well represented by Mr. Farley; nor should we do justice if we omitted to mention with praise the performance of *Old Liberal*, by Mr. Munden, of *Young Liberal*, by Mr. Lewis, of *John Grouse*, by Mr. Emery, and of the *Aunt*, by Mrs. Davenport.

Mrs. Dickons has been engaged for the purpose of singing the songs in the forth-coming opera. But as it could never answer to engage a lady, at a large salary, for one new piece, of which it is impossible to insure the success, the managers produced Mrs. Dickons on the 20th of last month, in Dr. Arne's opera of *Artaxerxes*. The *Mandane* of Mrs. Dickons is deserving of much applause; to speak of it as a piece of acting would hardly be fair; for

though *Mandane* is a part which contains several fine situations, and of course gives scope for much good acting, yet a character in which the music is so very far the primary object, can scarcely ever be well represented in every particular. Great singers can seldom act, and great actresses can seldom sing. Mrs. Dickons sang so well, that her acting, though indifferent in itself, seemed sufficiently respectable for the occasion. We do not pretend to such a judgment in music as would enable us, of our own authority, to decide upon the merits of any singer, performing in so scientific an opera as that of *Artaxerxes*; but a gentleman of profound musical knowledge and high professional celebrity, has given us the following account, on which our readers may fully depend.

Her voice, though never sweet, is loud and spirited in the upper tones, for about the compass of an octave and a third, but the lower ones are very poor and insipid. She has a whooping stile of bringing out her notes: she has a bad habit of singing rather from the throat than from the chest: and she ought to have been more careful as to the cadences with which she embellished the recitative and airs: for the making of a cadence is nothing less than musical composition, and, except only Mrs. Billington, there is no female singer who understands the effect of the accompaniments well enough to compose her own cadences.

The audience was most unusually thin, but the few spectators who were present did not fail to applaud the execution of many difficult passages which were given in a very good style. These passages, however, occurred more frequently in the airs than in the recitative. Three of these airs were encored: but in the recitative Mrs. Dickons was frequently excelled by Miss Bolton, who performed *Semira* with very great effect and repeated applause. Her manner of delivering the words "All hung their heads in silence" was powerfully striking: and we much admired her conception of the great scene in which *Semira* reproaches *Mandane* with procuring the death of *Arbaces*.

Incledon's *Arbaces* is not among his happiest efforts; nor can we say much for any of the other performers.

The opera of *Artaxerxes* was not repeated: but Mrs. Dickons on the following Friday played *Polly* in the *Beggars' Opera*. In this attempt she was by no means so successful: for the very requisites which produced the effect of *Mandane*, must injure that of *Polly*; almost as often as they are employed: Mrs. Dickons indeed had the judgment for the most part to avoid the introduction of flourishes in *Polly*: but deprive Mrs. Dickons of an opportunity of shewing her execution, and what becomes of her fame? Her voice is in itself by no means pleasing, and is extremely apt to stray out of tune: this defect Mrs. Dickons, like Mr. Braham, has generally skill enough to cover in difficult music, by the introduction of a flourish; but as she could not do this in the simple melodies of *Polly*, her voice was perpetually inharmonious, nay, we believe we may venture to say, often absolutely out of tune. In the song "Cease your funning," which gives great scope for execution, Mrs. Dickons was highly and deservedly applauded: but in almost every other song she either sung simply, and so, by the harshness of her manner and tone, destroyed the natural sweetness of the melody, or else, for the sake of covering that harshness, she introduced bold cadences, far better suited to the spirited style of *Lucy* than to the gentleness of *Polly*. This was particularly remarkable in the duet in the third act, at the words "'Tis *Polly* sues," in the song, "When my hero in court appears," and in several others of the tenderer passages. Now it should never be forgotten that one of the principal merits of this admirable opera, is the contrast of character, in *Lucy's* violence and *Polly's* gentleness; so that whenever *Polly* becomes violent in her acting or singing, she loses her character completely. Upon the whole we think Mrs. Dickons did very unwisely in choosing such a character as *Polly*: for though the transcendant merit of Mrs. Billington's singing charmed the public to forget the badness of her acting and the incongruity of her person, yet Mrs. Dickons, whose appearance is as little girlish as Mrs. Billington's, and whose acting conveys no idea of interest or sweetness, has not the excuse of Mrs. Billington's voice.

Mr. Incledon's *Macheath* has many excellencies; but his great popularity in his part leads him astray into frequent vulgarities, which contradict the assertion in the first act, that *Macheath* "has kept company with lords and gentlemen." Mrs. *C.* Kemble's *Lucy* is as admirable as ever. This lady knows how far spirit may go, without stretching into a disgusting coarseness.

Mr. Dibdin's new opera, of which Mr. Shield has composed the music, is in a state of forwardness: but we hear of no other novelties beyond those announced in the bills.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1807.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

DENMARK.—The ultimate fate of Copenhagen and Zealand still remains undecided; and it is only ascertained that the Danish government, irritated to an extreme degree against this country, has thrown itself intirely into the arms of France. The Prince Regent has refused to ratify the capitulation concluded between General Peyman and our Commanders; though, by this refusal, he recovers nothing, but merely manifests his animosity, and challenges us to do our worst. He has also issued a proclamation, by which all English property in the Danish dominions must be immediately delivered up, under severe penalties, to a commissioner appointed for the purpose. All English subjects are also to be confined in a particular town; where those who can afford to pay their own expences are to be allowed to live in private houses, and daily breathe the free air under a sufficient guard. While Denmark thus follows the example of France in violating the laws of nations by seizing, as prisoners of war, strangers who entered her dominions in profound peace, and with the most peaceful intentions; we perceive, in the restrictions on private persons, several traits of the malignant resentment which Bonaparte continues to cherish against our countrymen. English subjects are not to be permitted to carry on any private correspondence, either directly or indirectly, with their friends in England; but letters either to or from them, even though inspected by the police, and found to contain nothing of a suspicious nature, are not to be forwarded according to the address. Such a regulation, which merely serves to wound the feelings of individuals, by interrupting the intercourse of private affection, without any possible advantage to the State, is equally cruel, and dishonourable to the power by which it is enforced.

In his maritime declarations against Great Britain, the Prince Regent disclaims every idea of detaining, or confiscating neutral ships, on account of having enemy's property on board, unless that property consists of articles allowed by the law of nations to be contraband; and, as the principle on which he acts on this occasion, he avows the doctrine that "free bottoms make free goods." This equitable maxim, which would so greatly diminish the ruinous effects of war, and enable commerce to flourish amidst the most inveterate hostilities of contending governments, has always been resisted by Great Britain, because she possesses the power to enforce a contrary doctrine: and, such is the thirst of dominion among mankind, that we have no hesitation in saying the weaker maritime nations have maintained the freedom of neutral trade, merely because they wanted the means to tyrannize over it. By thus publicly adopting this principle on the present occasion, Denmark both displays her steady attachment to the objects of the Northern Confederacy, and endeavours to throw on Great Britain the odium of pertinacious injustice.

These measures of the Prince Regent, and his refusal to ratify the agreement with General Peyman, have given rise to a question, how far we are bound to adhere to the terms of capitulation, and to evacuate Copenhagen at the end of the prescribed six weeks? It is urged that the refusal of the Prince Regent to ratify the capitulation, exempts us also from all its obligations; that we are fully entitled to retain Copenhagen as long as we see occasion; and that we ought, in justice to ourselves, to take every measure to weaken an enemy who has declared his decided and implacable animosity. This casuistry, however gratifying to the national feelings of ambition and resentment, cannot, we apprehend, be at all reconciled to the dictates of justice. The accomplishment of the articles agreed upon with General Peyman depended, in no respect, upon the sanction of the Prince Regent. We have already derived the whole advantages which we expected from these articles: we have got the Danish fleet, the stores, and the arsenal, into our possession; nor can we complain that a single article of the capitulation has been infringed on the part of the Danes. How then can we pretend, in consequence of some peevish, but wholly ineffectual expressions of resentment on the part of the Prince Regent, that we are exempted from any obligation to perform our part of the articles, when all that was promised to us has been faithfully performed? Such is the light in which honour and justice must view this transaction, nor can any efforts of casuistry shew that the retention of Copenhagen beyond the stipulated term, would not be a direct violation of our good faith. The

refusal of the Prince Regent to ratify the capitulation, is merely a public censure on General Peyman's conduct in agreeing to it, but has no connection whatever with the performance of the articles.

It is, however, probable that putting justice out of the question, expediency will induce us to quit Zealand without delay. That island is about seven hundred miles in circumference; and divided from Jutland by so narrow a strait, that it is impossible we could prevent the transportation of Danish and French troops during the winter. The number of men which it would require to retain Zealand, filled as it is with hostile inhabitants, would greatly exceed what we could possibly spare from the defence of Great Britain. Some persons have imagined that we might retain Copenhagen, Elsineur, and Cronenburg, and abandon the rest of the island to the enemy: but this would be wholly impracticable, as these places are incapable of sustaining a siege from the land side. It has been suggested that, by demolishing the defences of Copenhagen, particularly the citadel, and the formidable crown batteries, we should secure the forbearance of the Danes, by laying their capital completely open to the insults of our navy. But this precaution, besides being an infringement of the articles of capitulation, would be of little avail. A numerous body of French engineers, aided by the zeal of the Danes, would quickly raise stronger fortifications than those we demolished. Upon the whole, we can scarcely look forward to any other result of this expedition, than that Zealand will be speedily occupied by a combined army of French and Danes; and that a strong effort, (and, we fear, a successful one) will be made, to exclude our commerce entirely from the Baltic.

The difficulties in which we are involved even by our success against Copenhagen, naturally leads us to reflect upon the *justice* as well as the *expediency* of the measure. For our own part, we must acknowledge that the whole transaction has reminded us of a very remarkable anecdote in the history of the Athenians: Themistocles, an Athenian statesman of infinite sagacity, but little obstructed in his pursuits by any moral principle, perceived an opportunity, during the security inspired by a truce, of utterly destroying the fleet of the Lacedemonians, who had nearly wrested the empire of the seas from the Athenians. Full of this project, he called an assembly of his countrymen, and informed them that he had conceived an enterprise of the utmost importance to Athens; but, as its success would depend upon the secrecy with which it was executed, he requested them to name some one, in whose wisdom they had implicit confidence, to confer with him on the subject, and make a report to them on the practicability and expediency of the plan. They immediately appointed Aristedes, surnamed the Just; who, having heard the proposal, returned and informed the assembly, that the enterprise recommended by Themistocles would unquestionably raise them to the sovereignty of the seas; but that it was contrary to justice. The Athenians, on hearing this report, refused to pay any further attention to the scheme of Themistocles; declaring that nothing was expedient which was not also just. If this maxim be as true as it is noble, how much must we lament that the Government of Great Britain has not at present imitated the People of Athens!

An argument has been adduced to justify our conduct, which will have its effect with many persons. During the last war, the Danes seized upon their defenceless ally, the City of Hamburgh, exactly in the same unexpected manner, and under the same pretences as we have at present seized Copenhagen. This act certainly diminishes our commiseration for the present distresses of the Danish government: but is it any justification of our criminality to say that our enemy has been guilty of the same crimes towards others? Had the Hamburghers seized Copenhagen, they might plead retaliation in defence of their conduct; but we can have no such plea.

America.—The measures lately pursued by our Ministers, relative to the pending discussions with America, have given rise to the most violent and singular animadversions. The most servile Treasury Journals have found themselves so strongly backed by the popular clamour, that they have for once ventured to turn their backs on the idols of their adoration, and boldly to stand forward as the independent censurers of administration. The gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, loan-contractors, lottery-mongers, and underwriters, join in the same cry; and after having, in the pride of their courage, derided the imbecility of the last Ministers; and applauded the vigour and spirit of their successors, begin to perceive, in these favoured powers, strong symptoms of that pusillanimity, which is ever held in detestation by men of their distinguished prowess. Strange to tell! the advocates of *all the talents*, are now the only advocates of *all the blocks*; and the *Morning Chronicle* stands forth the solitary defender of

Messrs. Canning and Perceval, and my Lord Castlereagh.

Whence has this ominous revolution of opinion proceeded? What crimes have the Ministers committed, that should render their worshippers ready to break their molten images in pieces?—Perhaps our questions ought to have a different direction. When the wise and virtuous Phocion heard the conclusion of his oration followed by the rapturous applauses of the Athenian mob, he turned round to a friend and asked him, "what he had said amiss, that "the people should be so vociferous in their "acclamations?" In the same manner, when we hear the conduct of Ministers so loudly censured by the venal, the servile, the selfish, the braggarts in words, but cowards in heart, we may justly ask, "what truly patriotic action "have they performed, to draw down re-"proaches from such a quarter?"

The whole circumstance, which has excited the indignation of these gentlemen, is as follows:—One of our ships of war, on the American station, took some British deserters from an American frigate by force, and in doing so, disabled the vessel and injured the crew. The Americans loudly exclaimed against this transaction, and seemed determined to try the extremities of war rather than submit to such grievances. Our Ministers, after due deliberation, have judged it expedient to disavow this transaction, by recalling the Admiral who commanded on the station, and by issuing a proclamation commanding our cruisers to make no attempt to search for deserters on board the ships of war of our allies.

Such is the nature of the proclamation, in which our Ministers have been represented as giving up a sacred right, as renouncing the empire of the seas. In answer to this, it might be sufficient to state, that we *never had* the right to take deserters forcibly from the ships of war of our allies, nor ever *laid claim* to such a right in any period of our history. The discussions on this topic are, indeed, somewhat new, for it is a new thing for British sailors to desert from our own ships of war to those of our allies, and no ally has ever stood in exactly the same relative situation as America. But let us imagine a parallel case in the land service. Should some deserters from a detachment of our troops enter the service of one of our allies, would the commander of the detachment be held entitled to march directly against any fortress of our ally in which he understood the deserters were stationed, to demand their immediate surrender, and, in case of refusal, to commence a bombardment against the place? Surely not. He would simply be entitled to make the demand, and, if not complied with, to represent the case to his government. Such is the right which we possess in regard to fortresses by land, and such is the only right which we can justly claim in respect to ships of war. Such also is the precise right which our Ministers have retained in the proclamation. They have taken the delicate business of reclaiming deserters from our allies, out of the hands of boisterous, hot-headed, and often ignorant sea captains, and have placed it, where it ought to be, in the hands of government.

There is another consideration, which will, perhaps, have more weight with those men whose clamour we are combating. Even allowing that we had the right of forcibly taking our deserters from the war ships of our allies, such a right could be of no advantage to us, and would necessarily lead to very pernicious consequences. America is the only one of our allies into whose marine any of our seamen are likely to be allured, and these will ever be very few in number. It is not into the ships of war, but into the merchant vessels of the Americans that our seamen are attracted by the promise of higher wages; and from the latter, the proclamation asserts our right of taking our deserters by force if they are not directly given up. All the possible advantage, therefore, which we could derive from retaining the supposed right which the proclamation disclaims, would be to recover a very few deserters from the American ships of war, by the boisterous and violent proceedings of our sea captains, rather than by the regular and deliberate interference of government.

But if it be truly advantageous for us to retain the good will of our allies, and to prevent perpetual animosities and combinations against us, an attempt to retain the supposed right would infallibly be attended with the most pernicious effects. Our naval officers, when allowed to employ force, are not the men to assert a disagreeable right in such a polite and gentle manner as to disarm resentment. As their search would be commenced on the mere *surmise* of deserters being on board of the suspected ships, this surmise might often be false. Perhaps the deserters, though once in our marine, might actually be the native subjects of that ally, from whom we were attempting to wrest them, as was actually the case with most of the deserters on board of the American frigate; and it could not be expected, in such

circumstances, that the crews of our allies could submit to give up their countrymen to punishment by a foreign power. But even if the deserters actually were of British birth, how mortifying would it be to the feelings of the Americans, or of any other ally, to see a British sloop of war or gun-brig bring too their first-rate ships of the line, muster their crews, and inspect every corner in search of supposed deserters? Such consequences, which must necessarily flow from the assertion of the right in question, could not fail to produce eternal heart-burnings, quarrels, and bloodshed.

But it is not the feelings of our allies that would alone be outraged: the feelings of the British would suffer in an equal degree. Unless we are to treat our allies as conquered and subject nations, we must allow them the same rights in regard to us which we claim in regard to them. We must submit to see an American gun-brig insult our first-rate men of war, by its authoritative commands, muster and examine their crews, and pick and carry away from among them every man whom they may chuse to consider as an American deserter. Is this usage to which our high-spirited captains would submit? Could they look on at such degrading scenes without being transported to fury, and cooling their indignation in the blood of the insolent intruders? No.—While the proud spirit of Britons exist, it is impossible for them to submit to such degradation: and any one who would have us to assert a claim which should lead to such ignominious consequences, is a jealous and mean-souled wretch, who would subject our gallant seamen to perpetual insult, and our flag to everlasting dishonour and humiliation.

Portugal.—The public mind has for some time remained in anxious doubt whether the Court of Lisbon will yield to the insulting demands of Bonaparte, or whether it will magnanimously resolve to quit Europe, and establish a new and more independent empire in its transatlantic dominions. If we may trust the French Journals, who seldom report news disagreeable to their government, until it be beyond either denial or concealment, the Portuguese Court has actually taken its measures, has embarked itself and its treasures on board a squadron of thirteen ships of the line, and has sailed for the Brazils, while an English squadron has entered the Tagus, to secure, by removal, the persons and property of the British residents and the loyal Portuguese.

If we regard either our own interests or those of our old and faithful ally, we must earnestly wish to find this intelligence authentic. The Portuguese government, by remaining in Europe, could only hope to preserve a political existence, by becoming the abject vassals of Bonaparte, by draining their treasures to satisfy his rapacity: and by shutting their ports against Great Britain, and consequently annihilating their commerce, to gratify his revenge. But by these degrading and ruinous concessions, they would preserve only their territories in Europe. Great Britain, in her own defence, would necessarily attempt to wrest the Madeiras, the Brazils, and all the foreign possessions of Portugal, from the dominion of France, and would make prize of every Portuguese vessel which ventured to appear on the ocean. The wretched government would thus be deprived of all its wealth as well as of all its power; and would see ruin and dishonour accumulated upon its head, to complete Bonaparte's plan of excluding England from the Continent.

By transporting the seat of their government to the Brazils, the Portuguese would have in view far different fortunes. Unlike those nations of antiquity, who quitted their native homes to preserve their freedom, and wandered about for years in quest of some hospitable asylum; the Portuguese would be placed far beyond the reach of oppression and insult, by simply transferring their seat of government from the smallest and least valuable to the largest and richest part of their dominions. They would, indeed, lose Portugal, a country four hundred miles in length, and one hundred and thirty in breadth, of very limited wealth, and continually exposed to hostile invasions: but they would exchange it for the immense territory of the Brazils, which extends upwards of three thousand miles in length, and half as many in breadth; interspersed by rivers, navigable for many hundred miles; abounding in mines of the precious metals; possessed of a climate and a soil not exceeded by any in the world; and luxuriant, almost beyond conception, in every species of vegetable production. In addition to the vast and splendid prospects which such a seat of government would open, the Portuguese, by the assistance of the British navy, would preserve the Madeiras, and all their East and West India colonies: and under the same protection, their commerce would flourish, and be rapidly extended by the advantageous situation of the Brazils in respect to every country of the world.

Nor can it be doubtful that this measure would prove not less advantageous to Great Britain. The commerce which we at present

carry on with Portugal is not attended with peculiar benefit. Indeed our commercial treaties with that nation, seem dictated rather by considerations of friendship and ancient alliance, than with any view to the augmentation of our wealth. From the limited extent and wealth of that country, the quantity of our manufactures consumed there, is not very considerable; while our imports from thence, consisting chiefly of wines and fruits, are incapable of being farther improved by our industry, and consequently are merely destined for direct consumption, and give no vigour either to our manufactures or commerce. This traffic would be the whole extent of our loss from the removal of the Portuguese government to the Brazils; and this loss, we shall inevitably incur, whether this removal takes place or not; for to exclude us from the harbours of Portugal, is the avowed object of the march of the French armies towards that country.

So far then our loss will be equal, whatever be the determination of the Portuguese.—But if they remain, and become the dependents of France, our enemies will have in their hands the ships, the stores, the treasures of our old ally: they will have in their hands her court as a pledge that she will exert every nerve to exclude our manufactures and injure our commerce. We may, indeed, seize her colonies, and attempt to establish an empire of our own in the Brazils: but these prospects are subject to the chances of war; and while we are rending away the dominions of a faithful though unfortunate ally, we may continue to expend our blood and our treasure without reaping any solid advantage.

On the other hand, the removal of the Portuguese government to the Brazils would open the most extensive field for our commercial and political enterprises. Hitherto that country, being considered as a colony, has been strictly guarded against the commerce, and even the curiosity of foreign nations. The same narrow policy has prevented the increase of its population, as well as the cultivation of its lands. But when it becomes the seat of empire, that system must necessarily be altered: foreign nations will be welcomed to its ports with their commerce, and, above all, that favoured nation which acts as the only ally and powerful protector of the Portuguese government. The increasing population, and progressive cultivation of the empire of the Brazils would immediately open to our manufactures a market similar to that afforded by the United States of North America: a market which would, from its nature and extent, in a great measure indemnify us for the loss of the Continental trade of Europe, and prevent any dangerous stagnation of our commerce on the event of a rupture with the Americans. If extensive conquest be our object, the alliance of the empire of the Brazils would place it within our grasp. Buenos Ayres, which immediately borders on Brazil, as well as the other possessions of the Spaniards in South America, could no longer make any effectual resistance to our arms, when seconded by a powerful empire in the neighbourhood.

But we forbear to expatiate on the mighty advantages which Great Britain would derive from the removal of the Portuguese government to its new seat of empire, until we are fully assured that it has actually taken place. Indeed these advantages may be considered as sufficiently evident from the reproaches and resentment which the French Journals breathe against the Prince Regent of Portugal, whom they consider as actuated, in this measure, by "the perfidious suggestions of the British Go-"vernment."

Russia.—The present friendship between the Emperor Alexander and Bonaparte, has excited great apprehensions among our Baltic traders; and the haste with which several of our vessels have returned in ballast from the Russian ports, shews the prevalency of the idea that we shall soon be engaged in hostilities with our ancient ally. Were we to estimate the probable conduct of Russia from her true interests, we should have no hesitation in declaring every fear of a rupture to be wholly chimerical. She has every thing to lose, and not one rational object to gain by war. She has an immense territory in want of culture and population; and the people she has got are in want of the arts of civilized life. War could have no other effect than to thin her inhabitants and interrupt her progress in cultivation: the addition of more territory to her already overgrown dominions would be an useless incumbrance. It is only by the arts of peace that she can really improve her strength and greatness, and give her empire that pre-eminence among other nations which it possesses in the map. Above all, a friendly intercourse with Great Britain is essential to her prosperity. It is this country which receives the superfluity of her produce, which enables her to continue her cultivation by a regular supply of manufactures: it is the capital and enterprise of British merchants which carry commerce, activity, and civilization through these ex-

tended regions of her interior, which would otherwise remain barbarous, inert and useless. To exclude our commerce, would be to dry up the very sap by which she is nourished; and every wound she could inflict upon us by war, would leave a deeper scar on her own breast.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

THE BALLOT.—During the present interval of parliamentary discussion, the chief object which attracts the attention of the public at home is the renewed operation of the Ballot. Last year the people imagined that Mr. Windham's Bill had for ever freed them from this object of terror; and although the late ministry were very unpopular from other causes, this measure was always popular with the great body of the nation. The present ministers ought to have duly weighed all consequences, and tried all other means before they compromised their own popularity, and thrown a cruel and unequal burden on the people, by again introducing the most oppressive form of recruiting. Of all our taxes, the ballot is the most unequal and the most unjust. It touches lightly, or rather scarcely touches at all, the men who are most able to bear it; and crushes to the earth those who are wholly unequal to sustain the load. What renders its effects the more deplorable is that the very part of the community, which suffers most severely by it, is that whose complaints, however grievous, are least likely to be heard. The son, on whose industry his aged parents depend, the father whose daily labour procures the only sustenance of his children, are those on whom the accursed ballot brings ruin and despair. Surely the rich and great, who have most at stake, ought in justice to pay most for defence; and not to derive their security from the cruel oppression of those who have scarcely any thing to lose.

BIRTHS.

Lately, at Portumna Castle, in Ireland, the Countess of Clanricarde, of a daughter.

Lately, at Hawarden Castle, near Chester, the Lady of Sir S. R. Glynne, of a son and heir.

On Monday, Oct. 5, Mrs. Stephen S. Hunt, of Warwick-court, Gray's-Inn, of a still-born child.

At Drumcondra, near Dublin, of a son, who died the next day, the wife of Thomas Bently. This man is now in the 103d year of his age, and attends the Dublin markets weekly with vegetables from his garden; his eldest son is 76 years of age, and his youngest in his 4th year.

At Clarendon-street, Dublin, the wife of Mr. R. O'Conner, of two boys and a girl—they are all in good health, and likely to do well.

At Dalhousie Castle, Scotland, on the 20th inst. the Countess of Dalhousie, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, Oct. 1, at Hagnaby, in the county of Lincoln, Edward Wright Jennings, of Spilsby, to Miss Kirkham, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Kirkham, of the former place.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, at St. James's Church, Capt. Henry Evans, to Mrs. Leigh, widow of the late Capt. Leigh, 69th regiment, and only daughter of the late Governor Seyton, of the Island of St. Vincent.

On the 13th of October, at Ormskirk, in Lancashire, Sir Thomas Windsor Hundoke, Bart. of Wingerworth, to Miss Eccleston, eldest daughter of Thomas Scarisbrick Eccleston, Esq. of Scarisbrick Hall, Lancashire.

Thursday, Oct. 15, at Mary-le-bone Church, Sir John Louis, Bart. Captain in the Royal Navy, and son of the late Admiral, to Miss Kirkpatrick.

On Thursday, October 22, at Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire, the seat of the Earl of Northampton, the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Powys, brother to Lord Lilford, to Miss Gould, sister of Lord Grey, of Ruthen, and granddaughter to the late Earl of Sussex.

On Thursday, Oct. 22, at Castle Forbes, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Limerick, the Right Hon. Lord Rancliffe to Lady Elizabeth Mary Forbes, eldest daughter to the Earl of Granard, and niece to the Earl of Moira.

At Gretna Green, Mr. Edmund William Hogg, of Limerick, to Miss Sarjent, daughter of James Sargent, of Clare-street, Esq.

On Monday, the 21st ult. at Osgarthorpe, a couple whose joint ages amounted to 91; the age of the bride was 72, the bridegroom 19; the bride was godmother to the husband, and two years older than the husband's mother.

Lately, a couple at a church in Liverpool, whose united ages amounted to 164 years; the bridegroom 84, and the bride 80 years old.

DEATHS.

Oct. 1, at his apartments in Greenwich Hospital, Lieutenant Peter Van Court, the oldest Lieutenant of that place, as also in his Majesty's service, he having been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant on the 25th of December, 1747, and was in the 86th year of his age,

Oct. 2, at East Sheen, Sir Brook Watson, Bart. an Alderman of London, and Deputy Governor of the Bank of England.—He was born at Plymouth, in the year 1735; left an orphan in 1741; lost a leg by a shark in 1749; served as an Assistant Commissary under Colonel Moncton, at the siege of Beausejour, in Nova Scotia, in 1755, and at the siege of Louisburgh, with the immortal Wolfe, in 1758. In 1759, he settled in London as a merchant, and the year following happily married Helen, the daughter of Colin Campbell, Esq. of Edinburgh. He was among the first gentlemen who in 1779 formed the respectable corps of light horse volunteers, and with them when they were highly instrumental in suppressing the alarming riots in 1780. The following year he had the honour of presenting them with a standard from the King, in testimony of his Majesty's approbation of their meritorious service. In 1782, he was called upon to fill the office of Commissary General to the Army serving in North America, under the command of his friend, the wise, brave, and upright General, Sir Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester. On his return from that service he was rewarded with an annuity of 500*l.* granted by parliament to his wife. In January 1784, he was sent to parliament a representative for the City of London, and on the dissolution in that year was re-elected, and at the same period elected a Director of the Bank of England, and soon after an Alderman for Cordwainers Ward. In 1786, he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and had the honour of being Chairman to the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1788, during their debates on the Regency Bill. On the dissolution of parliament, in 1790, he was again re-elected to represent the City of London; but voluntarily vacated his seat in 1793, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, on being called upon to serve as Commissary General to the Army on the Continent, serving under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York. In 1796, he retired from the service, and was elected Lord Mayor, and had the duties of that high office to discharge during a period replete with unexampled difficulties, arising from the effervescence of party spirit, the mutiny in the fleet, and the restraint laid on specie payments by the Bank of England, of which he continued to be a Director. In March 1798, he was commissioned Commissary General of England; and in November 1803, his Majesty was graciously pleased to express the royal approbation of his services by creating him (gratuitously) a Baronet of the United Kingdom, with remainder to his nephews William and Brook Kay. Having no surviving issue, he has devised his inherited estate (about three hundred pounds a year), after the death of his wife, to his sister, the widow of the late William Pitt, Esq. and his slender acquired property, after paying a few inconsiderable legacies to relations, friends, and servants, to be placed in the public funds, the interest to be paid to Lady Watson during her life, the principal, at her death, to his own and her named relations, in equal proportions.

Oct. 3, at Richmond, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Bishopp, the Lady of Cecil Bishopp, Esq. and eldest daughter of the Marquis Townshend.

Oct. 12, at his house in Nottingham-place, the Right Hon. Thomas Wynn, Baron Newborough. His Lordship was in his 72d year of his age, and is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son Thomas John, born April 3, 1802.

Oct. 21, at Norwich, Miss Sophia Astley, the 6th daughter of Sir Jacob Henry Astley, Bart. one of the representatives in parliament for the county of Norfolk.

Oct. 21, at Snaresbrook, Essex, Mrs. Mary Faulkner, wife of Mr. B. Faulkner, of that place, but late of Fleet-street, London. She was just set down to dinner, was observed to change, and expired in a few minutes without a sigh.

Oct. 23, at Bristol Hot Wells, aged 17, Henry George Pretyman, 2d son of the Rev. Dr. Pretyman, Precentor of Lincoln, and nephew to the Bishop of Lincoln.

At Brough, Mrs. Brown, aged upwards of 80 years; and on the next day, Mr. Brown, her husband, also at an advanced age. They were both taken ill on the same day, and died within 12 hours of each other; were both laid out on one bed, and buried in the same grave.

Lately, Mr. Spencer, of Great Marlborough-street, suddenly, in a paddock near his country house, at Norwood. Mr. S. had gone from town in his carriage, and he was crossing the paddock, which leads from the turnpike-road to his dwelling, when he dropped down in sight of his servant.

In Pound-street, Belfast, a poor woman, named Johnson, at the great age of 123. Her brother, who is still alive, is 100 years old, and his wife is the same age.

In Walsall work-house, Peter Danks, aged 104 years, his faculties were not impaired till within a short time of his death.

LE BEAU MONDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

ESSAY ON MODERN AND ANCIENT FEMALE ATTIRE.

SIR,

YOUR useful and entertaining Miscellany being justly considered the faithful recorder of fashion, permit me, through this medium, to venture a few observations on the subject of female attire. As to our own dress, I leave that to the judgment of the ladies, conceiving that *Fielding* was right when he remarked, "That one sex seems to be placed as a spy on "the actions of the other."

Few complaints are more common than those against the present mode of dress, and from the manner these lamentations are protruded, one would imagine, that all *old fashions* were founded in sense, and the *new ones* in folly: yet on a review of the subject, I cannot help thinking the *reverse* of this position is the case; and that our ancestors, though as much the dupes of fashion as ourselves, were not in the least more happy in their mode of attire; but on the contrary, by more frequently having recourse to unnecessary appendages, foreign to the human form, equally cumbrous and inconvenient, they were more the object of censure than their successors.

A modern writer, who has descanted copiously on the most appropriate modes of constructing elegant household furniture, remarks, very justly, that the frequent changes of fashion indicate folly: and certainly, when once we have arrived at what is handsome, durable, and convenient, we need desire nothing more. For the sake of variety, and that the eye may be gratified with what is new in articles of dress, as well as for the benefit of trade, I think it quite reasonable that there should be a change of texture adapted to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and that the colour and quality of our garments should be varied according to circumstances and the sphere of life. But as art is only the handmaid of nature, and as

"Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
"But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

that dress that sits close to the figure, and combines simplicity with grace, avoiding those "struts and swells," which so confound the observer, that he scarcely knows what "part "of nature the dress conceals," must be the best; and every appurtenance, foreign to the human shape, and the admired symmetry of a fair proportion, should be discarded as superfluous and ridiculous.

Hence the extremely *long waists*, where the *abdomen* was unnaturally compressed, so that the victim of fashion had no comfort until divested of her ill-contrived habiliments; and afterward the opposite extreme of *short waists*, which have been even carried so high, that the beautiful bosom has been nearly enveloped in the petticoats, must alike be considered as reprehensible and contrary to reason.

Perhaps, were a standard ascertained for the length of the waist, it could not be better defined agreeably to the rules of taste, than at about two inches longer than those adopted by our moderately fashionable dames: *i. e.* about the middle of the bend of the back, as the waist when thus decided, would show in well proportioned females, a beautiful *bell-form* beneath, far more gratifying to the eye than the extremely long waist, which occasions an unpleasing projection of the hips.

Burke, whose remarks on the *Sublime and Beautiful*, will long continue to be admired, justly excludes strait, harsh, angular lines, as well as sudden protuberances from beautiful forms, and decides, that female beautiful forms present CURVE LINES, SMOOTHNESS, AND VARIETY OF SURFACE; and that such are the most desirable, he further adds, "*those who* "*please, may easily experience.*" He happily adduces, as instances of these positions, the *female bosom*, and the *form of doves*, "*where* "*the unsteady eye slides giddily*," and smoothness and symmetry are alike discernable. So innate are these principles of beauty in the mind of man, that I am inclined to imagine, the most unenlightened savage, would, by his admiration of such objects, acknowledge their influence and beauty.

Thus, according to these principles, *Pads*,

placed between the shoulders, as some silly females wear them, must be considered obnoxious: and these and all similar appendages, should be quickly abandoned, and the *real form* permitted to greet the eye.

Although the present costume does not develope the form, agreeable to the ideas of *Burke*, yet it approaches nearer to it than any of the *old fashions*; and the ladies are not, perhaps, altogether unaware of the pleasing variety of surface already treated of, as appears by their holding their dresses close to their persons, which in some measure answers the intention. Good taste, which avoids extremes, will scarcely fail to look well in all fashions: but of *true taste*, a deal of *terra incognita* remains yet to be explored.

Certainly, there are a squeamish set of beings who deprecate all dress that does not *hide the form*. Such would rather have the body made for the clothes, than the clothes for the body. But surely, no man of gallantry will assert, *he sees too much*, when he beholds the natural form of his mistress, and observes that charming variety and assemblage of charms discernable in a fine made woman, modestly, and tastefully attired in the present fashion.

Undoubtedly, no man of sense can approve of a lady exposing to the multitude her bosom, *uncovered*; but, surely, this objection cannot extend to the light dress that fits the bosom and shape exactly, and charms the beholder with its external form, without revealing its hidden treasure to the unlicensed, indiscriminate observer.

But whatever may be advanced by the prudish, and fastidious, against the dresses of the present age, there can be but little said in favour of utility, or elegance of appearance in the habits of former times:—For instance, where existed the utility or grace of wearing high-heeled shoes, as the ladies formerly did, and which they long continued to do; although by the practice they were lamed, and rendered unfit to walk without assistance; so that, when unattended by a gentleman, they were in perpetual danger of *falling*. For one female pedestrian of those days, you will now at least see ten. It affords to me the highest gratification, to observe the most fashionable, elegant, and charming women, availing themselves of the free use of their lovely limbs, (formerly they were like the women in China, scarcely able to use their feet, and unfit to go abroad, unless in sedans or carriages;) and in their morning excursions with a glow of health in their cheeks, moving with such superior ease and grace, that could their forefathers see them as they at present appear, they would confess, the daughters exceed the mothers as much in gracefulness and ease, as they do in the propriety of their attire. I do not pretend to assume what may take place at a future period, but from my opinion of the good sense of the rising generation, and inclination to believe that each succeeding age advances in wisdom, I cannot think it probable that the ladies will ever submit their lovely persons as martyrs to constriction, or that they will permit their bosoms to be restrained by unnatural compression. *Pope* speaks of the *seven-fold fence stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale*; a charming description truly for a woman, who, according to our wishes should be *all kind, all soft, all tender, and divine!*—None who take a retrospect of the dress worn when *Mrs. Garrick* appeared on the stage, but must feel shocked at such brutal constraint on the female form, as fashion induced the women of that time to adopt.

The immense breadth of hoops, at one time in vogue, completely concealed the figure; and it was difficult to discover what might be the natural form of the ladies who adopted them. The *bell-hoops* were the last of these fashions, which though also a disguise, yet being more analagous to the human form, were certainly preferable to the flat ones that preceded them. The formerly facetious *Peter Pindar*, justly observed, at the time he wrote one of his popular poems,

——"That all the fash'onable female clans,
"Undressing, seemed unloading caravans."

And this remark seems corroberated, as on the trial of Renwick Williams, called "*The Monster*," it appeared by the deposition of Miss Porter, that she had *seven petticoats* on at the time she was assaulted.

From what I have therefore advanced on the subject of attire, I think there can be little doubt, but that the present dresses (which resemble the costume of eastern nations) must be considered preferable to the dress of former times, and that with some little emendation, they would be far more suitable, becoming, and attractive, than any ever exhibited by our ancestors.

Your's, &c.

12*th Oct.* 1807. *C. E. W.*

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

Fig. No. 2.—A Morning Walking Dress. A Danish robe and mantle is formed of beautiful carmine soft satin shot with white; the mantle is made with two gores and one seam behind, the left arm being confined in a long loose sleeve of the same; the back is straight and easily fulled on the right shoulder, together with the robe leaving an arm hole, and from thence the mantle and robe is fastened together to the bottom, with about a quarter in breadth of the mantle flying off. The front of the robe is tastefully sloped off from the left side to the length of the mantle, which nearly reaches the bottom of the dress. The robe is brought straight over the bosom, and fastens to the mantle, with a small bunch of carmine ribbon on the top of the left shoulder, and confined under the arm, leaving the mantle to hang loose down the sides. A rich broad ribbon of the same colour is fastened to the back of the mantle outside, and brought through on each side, confines the robe, tied in the center of the waist with two bows with long ends and tassels suspended before. This robe and mantle is trimmed all round with a superb floss silk trimming, half a quarter wide; a rich Vandyke lace frill, made very deep, is worn round the throat. A plain round muslin dress, walking length, ornamented round the bottom with a rich border of fancy needle work, made in the *chemise* fashion, with long full sleeves, trimmed round the neck and at the wrists with Vandyke lace. The Danish bonnet worn with this dress is made of a rich satin straw, ornamented with a simple flower tastefully disposed across the front, trimmed with a rich broad ribbon of the same colour as the robe, with a small white sarsnet bag behind to confine the hair*; Limerick gloves and black kid shoes.

Fig. No. 3.—Carriage Full Dress. A rich Cardinal cloak, composed of white satin, stamped with small blue flowers, ornamented round the edge with an Egyptian border of the same, enriched with a superb Hungarian fur trimming. This cloak is made similar to that of a loose drapery worn over the head and shoulders, carelessly caught back between the neck and the shoulder, which forms a hood on one side, and continues to hang in loose drapery down the other, with one corner rounded off small, and held in the hand. A plain India muslin dress made all in one and straight over the bosom; a square back drawn round the throat and at the bottom of the waist with bunches of white sarsnet ribbon; the neck of the dress is enriched round the throat with a Vandyke lace, ornamented round the bottom with three rows of hem-stitch richly worked; long loose sleeves confined round the wrist with coral bracelets; neck-lace and ear-rings to correspond; the hair is worn on the left side of the forehead in a thick cluster of small plaits, and large flat curls on the other side of the face; gloves blue kid; and shoes blue satin.

* This straw bonnet is to be had only at Millard's, corner of Southampton-street, Strand.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

HUNTING COSTUME OF FRENCH PRINCESSES.

The *Princesses* set out from the rendez-vous in an open phæton, drawn by four or six horses, *à l'Espagnole*, and then follow the various directions of the chace. Their costume is an elegant *Amazone*, and a hat surmounted with black or white feathers.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

The Morning Coats still run on the greenish olive or mixtures; and though it is doubtful whether they are mostly double breasted or single, they are constantly seen with plain plated buttons and collars of the same cloth, and made without pocket flaps, the pockets being put in the plaits behind. Striped toilinet waistcoats, of char distinct stripes, bound with silk binding. Drab kerseymere breeches to come down over the knee with gilt buttons, and brown top boots, or pantaloons of the same description of colour, and Hussar boots.

The Great Coats are generally made of olive browns, single breasted, with collars of the same cloth, and covered buttons; the skirts lined with silk of the same colour. Many gentlemen who wish to appear in the height of the fashion have them lined all through the foreparts with silk; and which, if the weather permits the coat to be worn flying loose, has certainly a very dashing appearance.

Gentlemen's Evening Coats seem still to consist chiefly of the dark blues, with velvet collars and gilt buttons; or forest greens with either gilt buttons or covered with the same cloth, and are esteemed most fashionable with a black velvet collar. White Marsailles quilting waistcoats, single breasted; and light drab kerseymere breeches, with silk strings; but as the winter approaches, black silk breeches are very likely to become prevalent as a genteel dress, and suitable to the season.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

WREXHAM RACES, TUESDAY OCT. 13.—The Town Purse of 50*l.* was won by Earl Stamford's Belinda, and 10*l.* to the second best horse, by Mr. Astley's Newton. Mr. F. R. Price's Centinel, walked over for the Sweepstakes of 60 guineas. On Wednesday, the Silver Cup, value 50*l.* given by Sir W. W. Wynne, for horses, the property of Non-commissioned Officers or Privates in the North Wales Yeomanry Cavalry, was won by Mr. Evans's Overton Fairy; and the Sweepstakes of 10 guineas each, by Mr. Cholmondely's Young Chariot. The Handicap Stakes of 5 guineas each, with 40 guineas added by the Fund, were won, on Thursday, by Mr. Price's Comedy.—Mr. Butler's Coiner was the winner of 10 guineas for the second best horse.

BLICKLING RACES.—There were three races which afforded excellent sport; the first was over the one-mile course, three heats, for a Sweepstakes, and was won by Colonel Harbord's b. f. Czarina, beating Mr. Doughty's ch. f. Wood Nymph: the second, over the same course, for 50gs. was won by Mr. Bacon's Little Sally, beating Major Wilson's brother to Lucan: the third race was over the two-mile course, three heats, for 50gs. between Colonel Harbord's Regulator, and Major Wilson's brother to Vivaldi: well contested, and won by the superior jockeyship of Regulator's rider.

WEDNESDAY.—A Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, round the course, two mile heats, was won by Colonel Harbord's br. f. Shropshire Lass, beating Mr. N. Bacon's b. f. Little Sally, and two others. A match for 50gs. was won by Major Wilson's brother to Lucan, against Mr. Emden's Miss Prince, which was won by the latter. The Sweepstakes, for horses of all ages, a four-mile course, was won by Colonel Harbord's Regulator, beating Major Wilson's brother to Vicaldi.

The Duke of Cumberland, the Marquis Cornwallis, and a number of noblemen and gentlemen, assembled on Saturday, October 21, on Ascot Heath Race Course, for the purpose of enjoying a day's diversion of hunting. The deer ran with great swiftness towards Bracknell and Easthampstead, making a double back, crossing the Heath towards Windsor Great Park, where he leaped over the paling, and crossed the Parks towards Inglefield Green, taking to the left down the hill, and crossed the Thames. The sportsmen made over Staines-bridge, in pursuit, and renewed the chace through the inclosures, by Staines Moor. The deer was taken within about a mile of the town of Staines, after a chace of upwards of three hours.

ASTONISHING SPEED.—Curley, the Brighton shepherd, undertook on Monday, Oct. 5, for a wager of 20 guineas, to run a mile in four minutes, as it was given out in Hyde Park, but the race took place on Clapham Common. The pedestrian was to perform the mile at *four starts* in the space of three hours. He went the first quarter of a mile in a minute; and, after taking some rest, he performed alternately the other quarters in less than three minutes, having won the match by a few seconds.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY AND WOOD.—This race for 600 guineas, which had excited such unprecedented anxiety, was decided in a manner which caused great surprise, and considerable murmurs amongst the *cognoscenti*. The following is an accurate account of the race:—

WOOD.		BARCLAY.	
Hours.	Miles.	Hours.	Miles.
1 - - -	8	1 - - -	6
2 - - -	7	2 - - -	6
3 - - -	7	3 - - -	6
4 - - -	6½	4 - - -	6
5 - - -	6	5 - - -	6
6 - - -	5½	6 - - -	6

The above is the number of hours the pedestrians performed, Wood having resigned the contest after going 40 miles. Wood made play at starting, and as it will be seen above, went eight miles in an hour. He continued at a lounging run for three hours, when the odds, which were three to one against him at starting, were reduced to about seven to four. He got off one mile in the first half hour, having performed four miles in one minute less than that time. He performed twenty miles in two hours and forty-one minutes, and in coming in the twenty-two miles in three hours, he had got off four miles of the twenty he had given the Captain, both coming in together. After having gone twenty-four miles in three hours and sixteen minutes, Wood took some refreshment for five minutes in a marquee, at the starting-posts opposite that of Captain Barclay. He rested again ten minutes, after having gone thirty-two miles. He laid himself down, and appeared a little fatigued. His time was spent in having his ancles and body rubbed, and on his leaving the marquee, he appeared

without his shoes. The next four miles he fell off in his pace, and was above twenty minutes going two miles, which was unequal to the steady performance of his adversary.

Wood's feet were cut in consequence of running without his shoes, and he put them on again; but after having gone 40 miles in six hours and twenty minutes, he retired to his marquee, and it was shortly after communicated to the spectators, that he had resigned the match.

Captain Barclay pursued a steady course of six miles an hour, without varying a minute. He stopped and took some refreshment, after having gone 18 miles, and again after having gone the other 18 miles: it was whilst he was taking the latter refreshment, that Wood resigned the contest. The Captain, however, run four other miles to decide some bets, and went 40 miles in six hours and twenty minutes.

The result of this race caused considerable surprise, as it was known to most people present that Wood had done 40 miles in less than five hours only a few months since, and from other concurring circumstances, the sporting men have declined paying their bets for the present. It, however, was manifest, that there was no collusion befween the Captain and the other party. Captain Barclay found himself rather fatigued, although he expressed his opinion that he could continue for 100 miles. Two surgeons attended Wood after the race, and it was their opiniou, that he could not have gone many more miles, as he was feverish. Each run on a mile of ground together, and they were dressed in loose flannel.

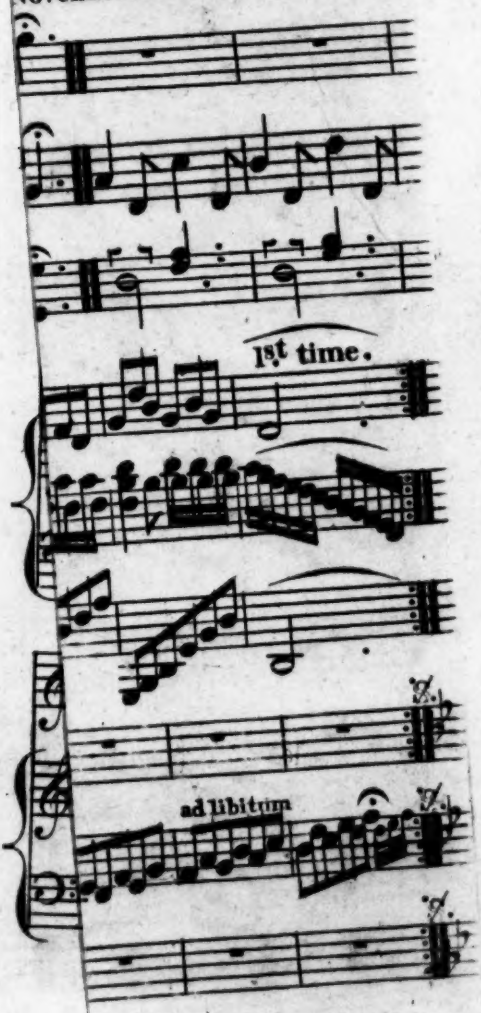
Wood is said to be again matched to run Captain Barclay, for a thousand guineas aside, over Doncaster course, in the spring. Wood is to give Mr. Barclay five miles in five hours running. Two hundred aside has been put down by the Manchester people, and to name when the remainder of the money is to be put down. Wood is to be trained by little Old Ben, the famous Lancashire trainer, and is to go into training about the middle of November.

Boxing.—The match between the celebrated *Gulley* (now the champion of England by the forfeit of the Game Chicken) and *Gregson*, took place on Wednesday, October 14, near the six miles bottom on the road from Newmarket, and it was one of the most obstinately contested that ever was recorded. Their seconds, were Crib and Cropley for Gulley, and Harry Lee and Richman for Gregson. At five minutes past nine they set too. Current betting was five to two on Gulley.

In the twenty-four first rounds the battle was very severely contested.—In the twenty-fifth round, it was reduced to the game and constitution of the combatants who should win; they both were most hideously disfigured, and scarcely able to get off the knees of their bottle-holders. Although the battle lasted eleven more rounds, it would be superfluous to detail them, as each had alternately the advantage; and betting, which had been twenty to one on Gulley, was reduced to even; they met each other like two helpless men inebriated, and it was with the greatest difficulty that either could hold up his hands to stop or hit; and when the rounds closed, which was generally by both falling together inoffensively, the friends of each party expected the word *enough* to come from both together. Gully, in his state, was still a favourite, and by an extraordinary effort, he gave Gregson a blow in the throat, the thirty-sixth round, which prevented him from rising off the ground in time. He lay in a helpless state, unable to move or speak for several minutes. Gulley, roused by victory, leaped with joy. It would be difficult to say which was the most beaten—such spectacles surely, were never before witnessed; all other beatings were comparatively a burlesque. The seconds were as much disfigured by blood as the combatants. The battle lasted forty minutes.

Gregson, although far from a good fighter, had a decided advantage in strength and stature, which was adequate, with the little knowledge he possessed, to Gulley's superior skill, as there was a reciprocity in bottom. Gulley fought at a great disadvantage against a man of such superior strength and length; for he never could make a hit until Gregson chose to begin, as the latter sparred with his left arm fully extended, which was considerably longer and more powerful than that of Gulley. Gregson, after the few first rounds, made lounging and desperate hits with his right hand, which nothing could resist; and it is thus accounted for how Gulley received so much injury. Gregson was generally *abroad* after he had made that favourite hit, as the quickness of Gulley in returning it, gave him a great advantage. Gulley fights well with both hands, and is a more expert boxer than when he contended with the *Chicken*.—They were conveyed to Newarket after the battle. Gulley received a handsome subscription purse, and Gregson was liberally rewarded as a game loser.

November 1807.



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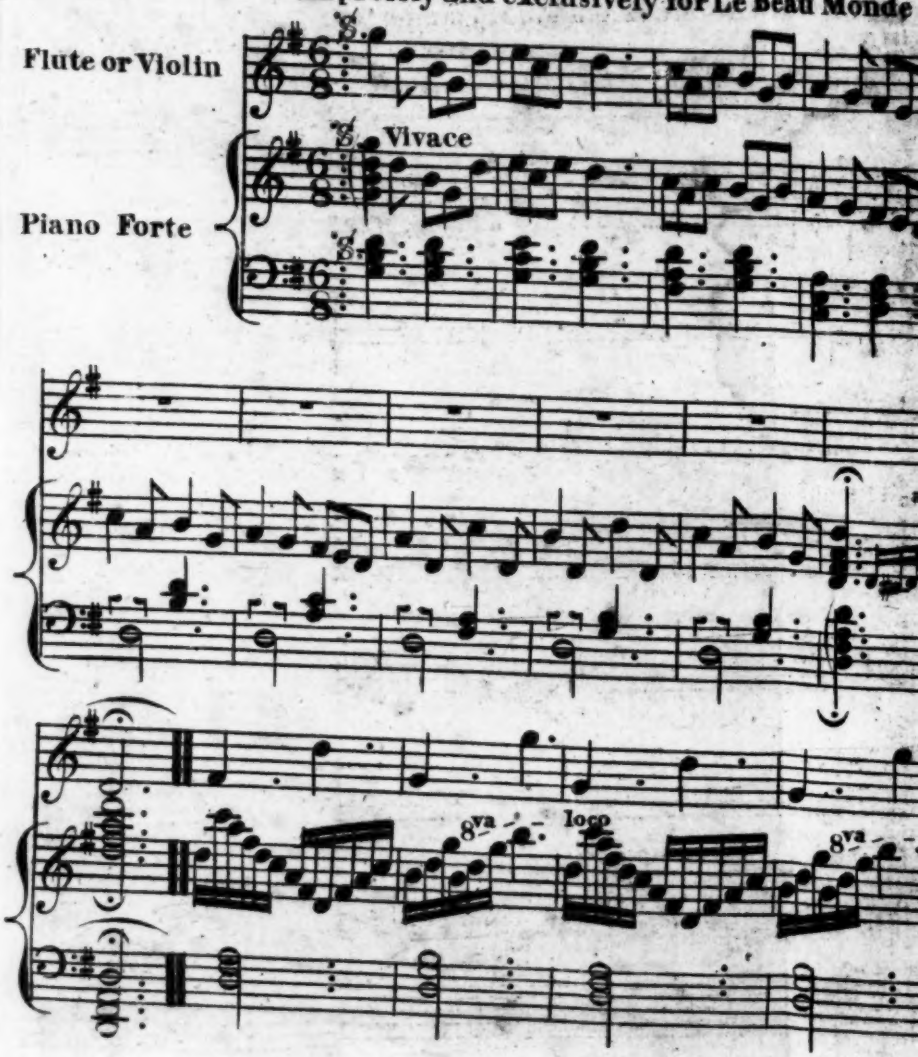

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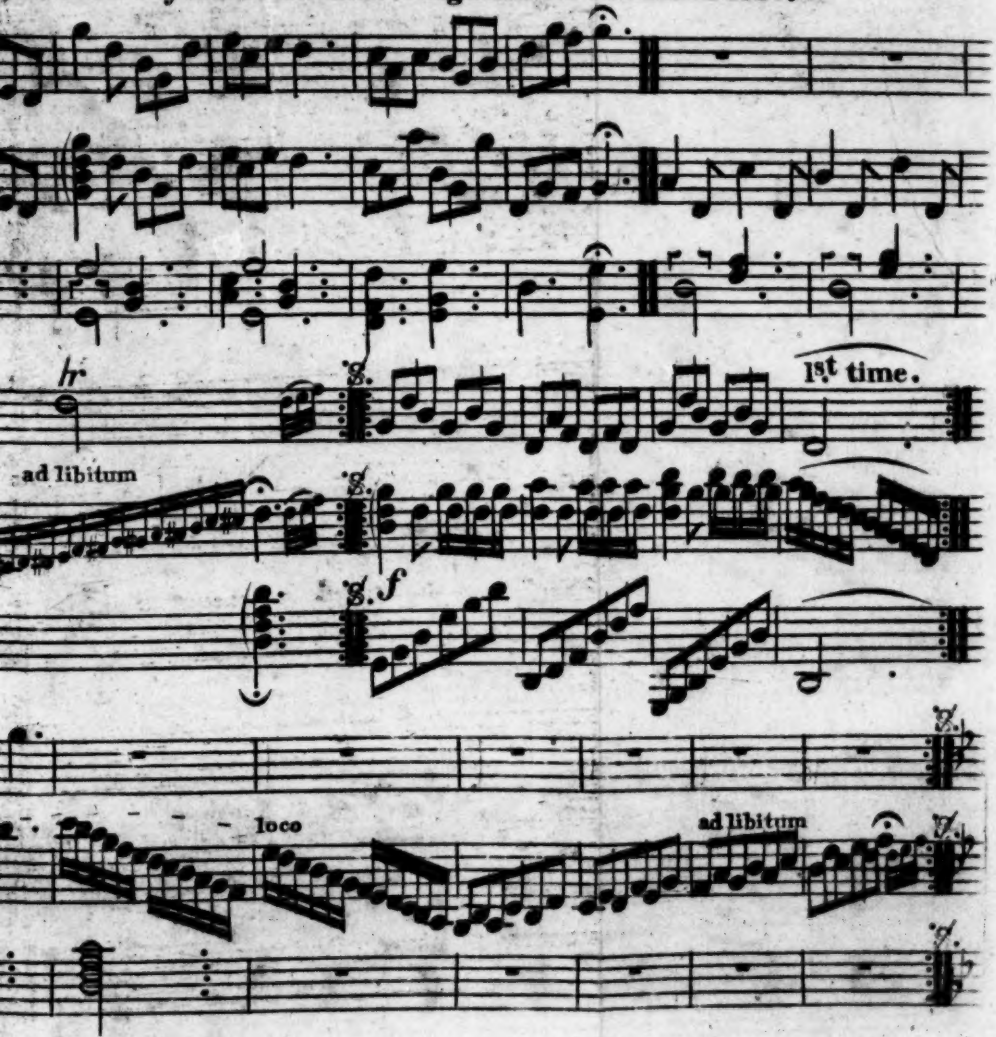

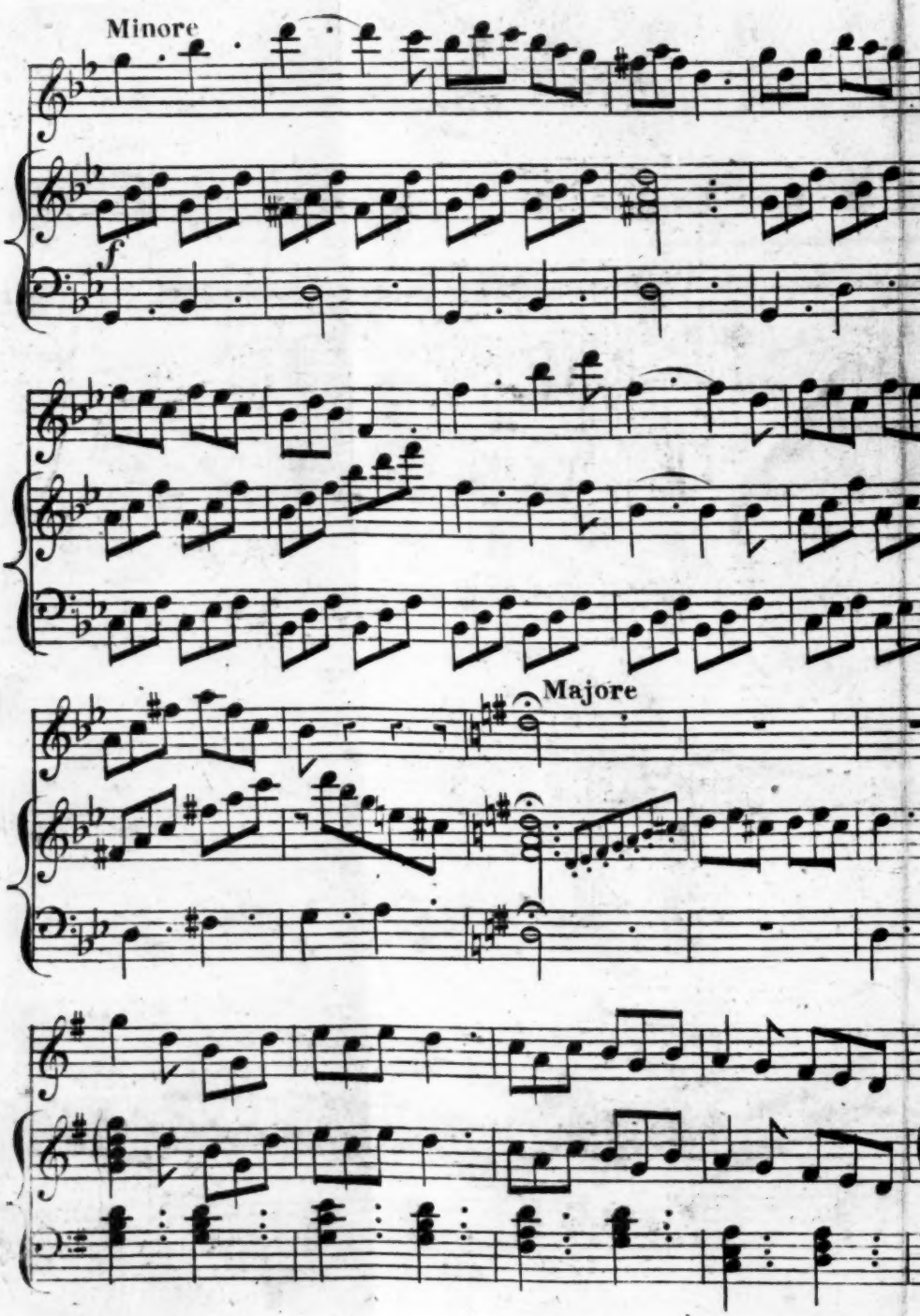
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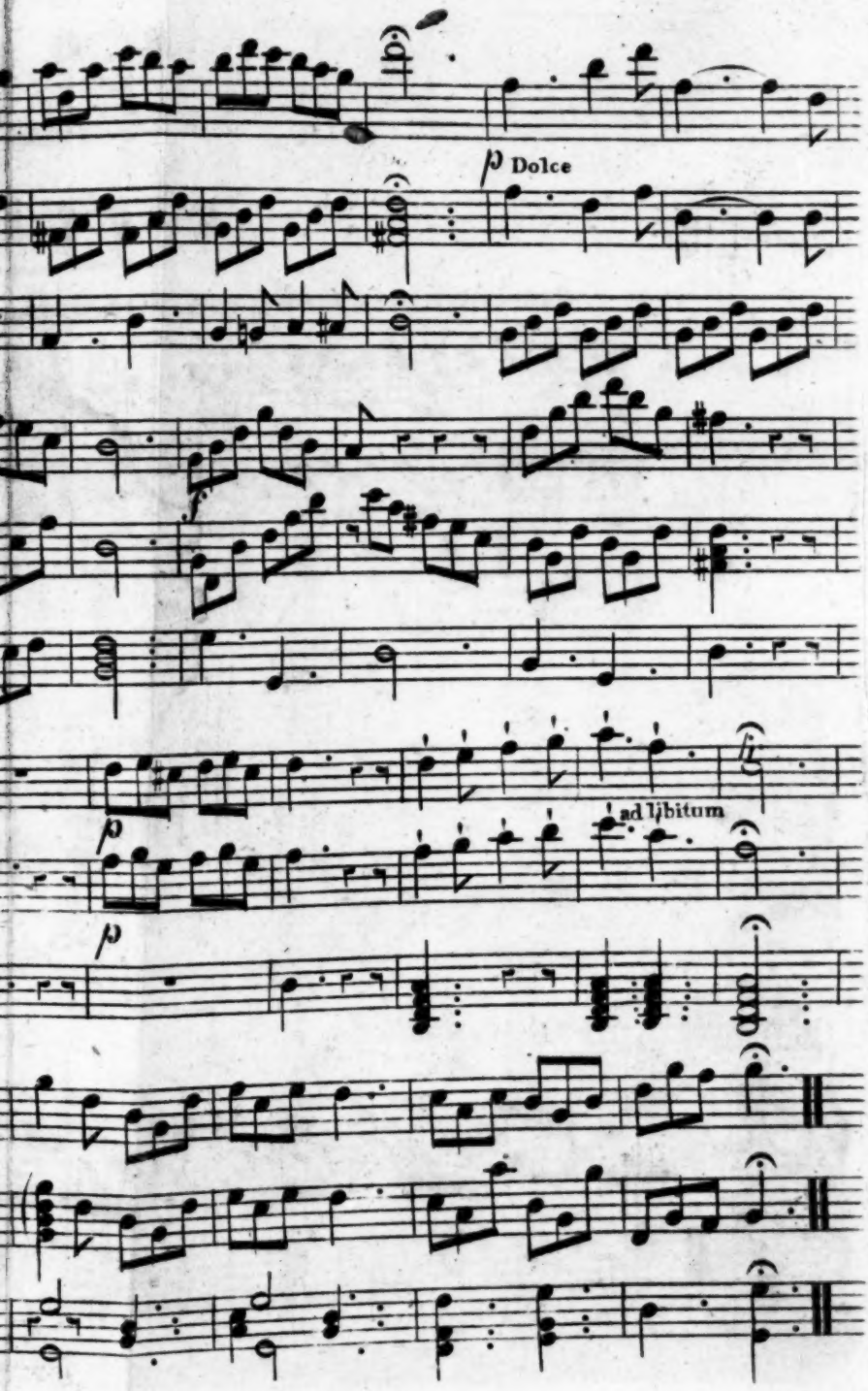
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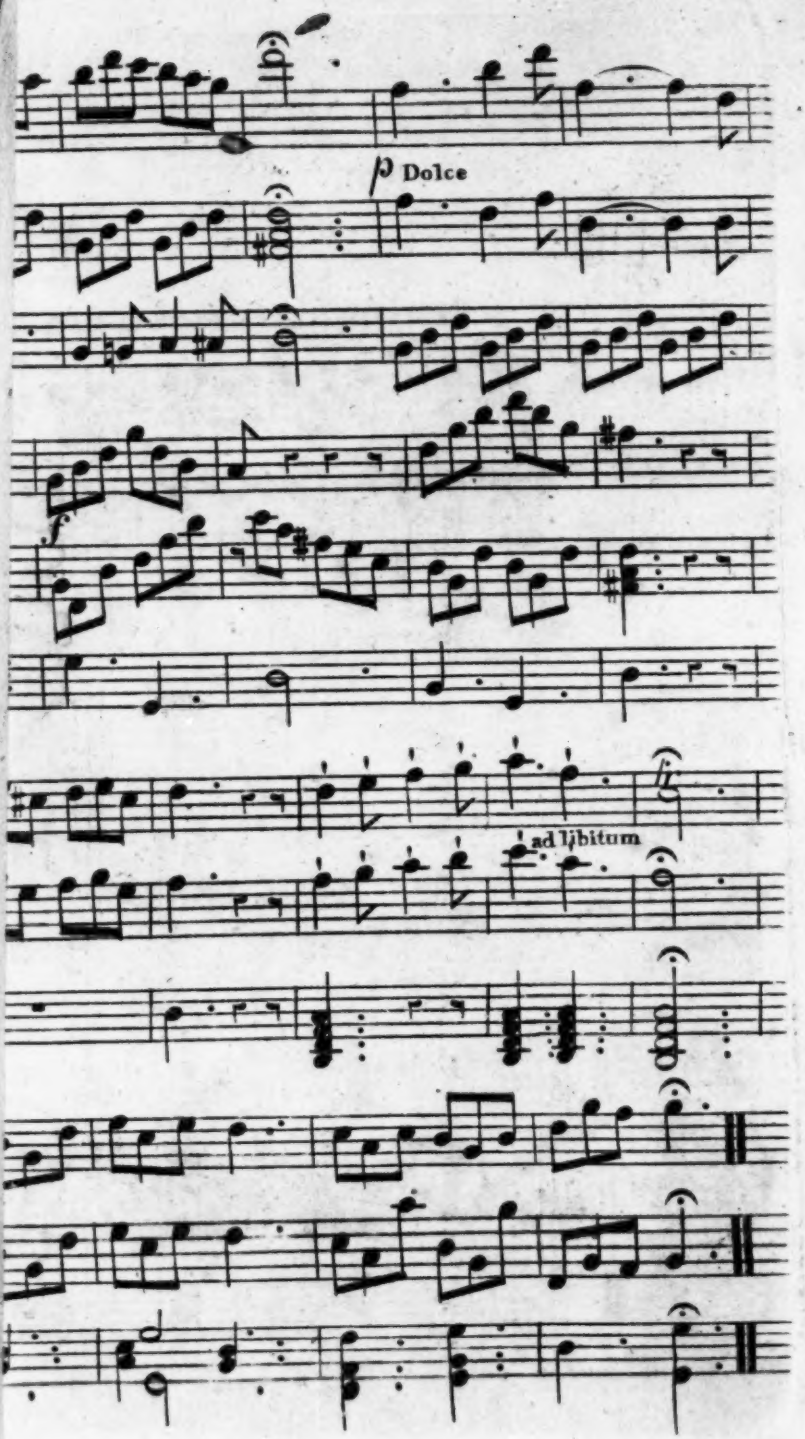
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LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS

FOR DECEMBER, 1807.

Ladies' Dresses.

Fig. No. 2.—A round dress of soft white satin enriched round the bottom with a border of gold foil; the back and front of the dress is made square and low, with a broad lace tucker across the bosom and back, leaving the shoulder straps quite plain; the sleeves are made full on the shoulder, and continues to the wrist, trimmed round the hand with a narrow lace to correspond with the bosom of the dress: the sleeves are separated round the thick part of the arm above the elbow, with a rich band of gold foil; the body and skirt are also gathered into a band of the same round the waist; the *Wyndham* cap, formed alternatively into waves of white satin and lace, finished round the front with a superb Vandyke lace; a small robe band of satin round the crown, with a full bunch of white satin roses intermixed with leaves of white satin in front, inclining to the left side of the head; the hair is combed in loose waves and worn back off the right side above the eye brows, and parted in the center of the forehead; bracelets of white cornelian, gloves and shoes of white kid.

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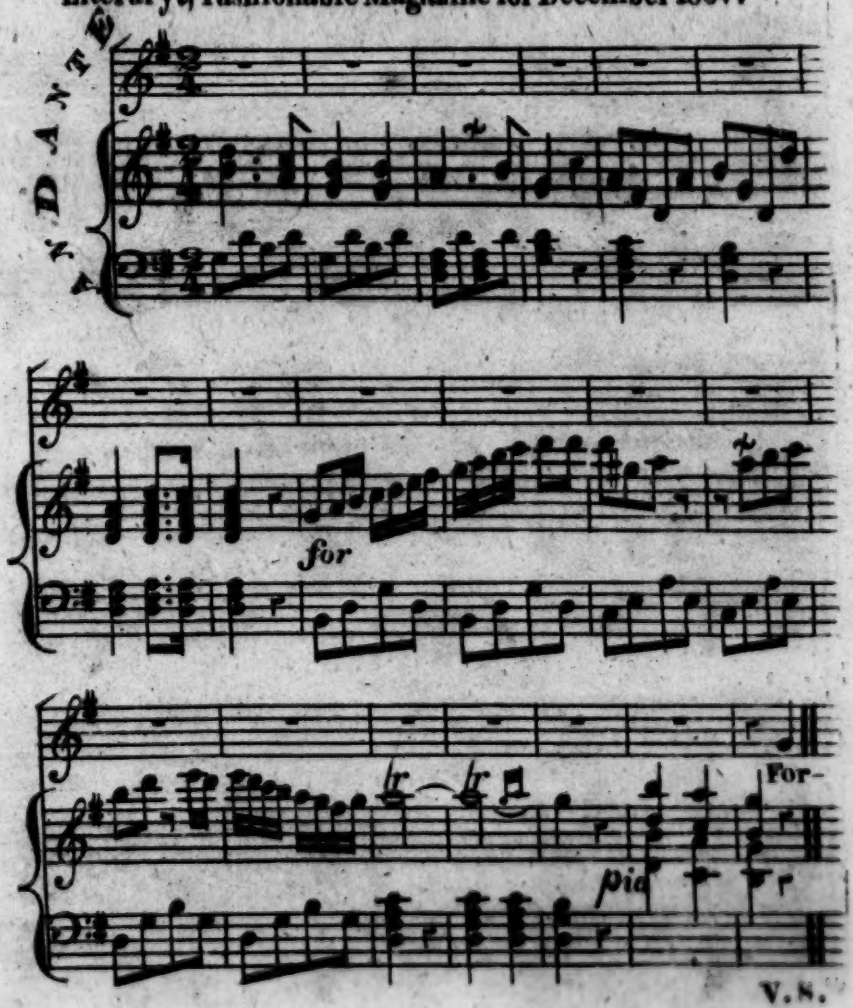

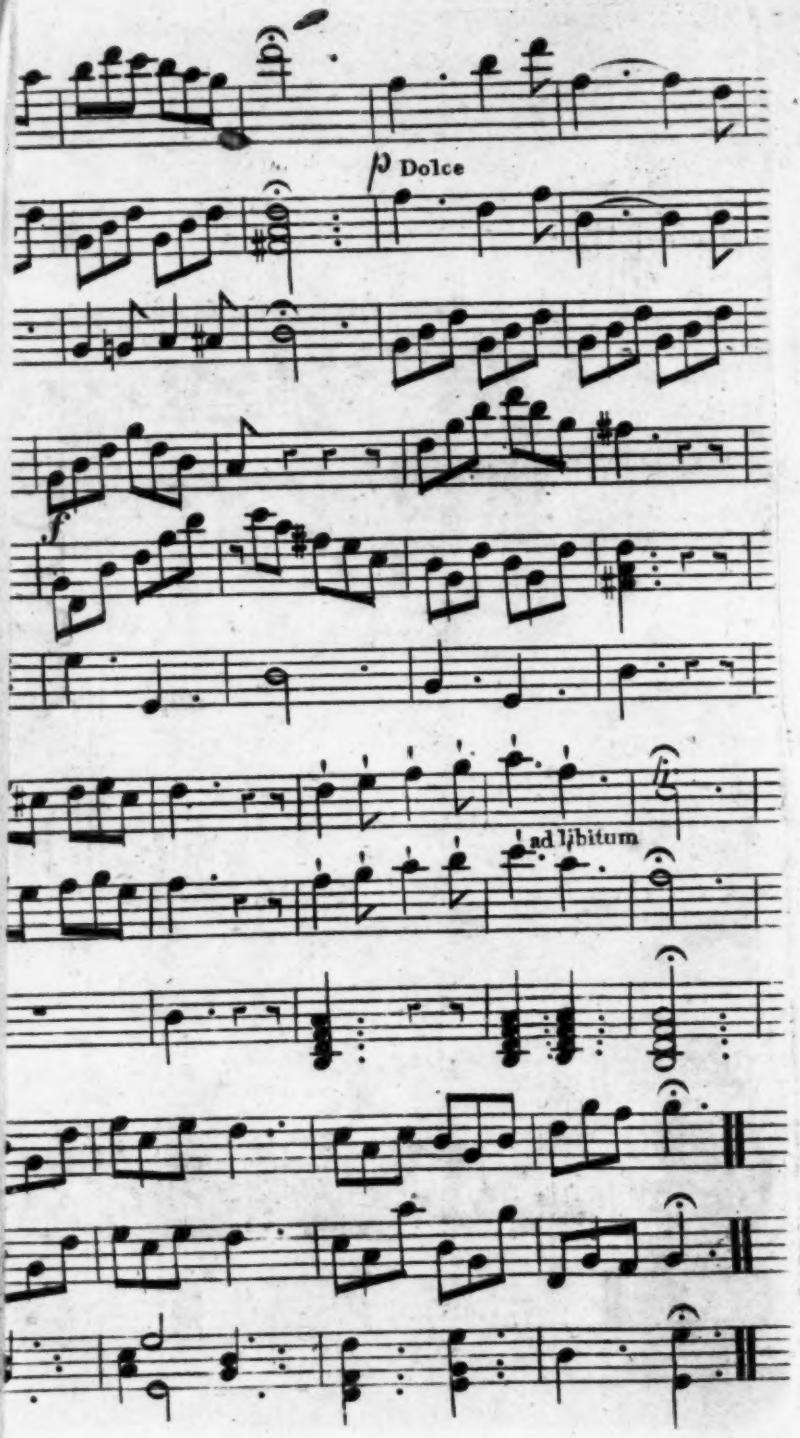
p Dolce
ad libitum

LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS

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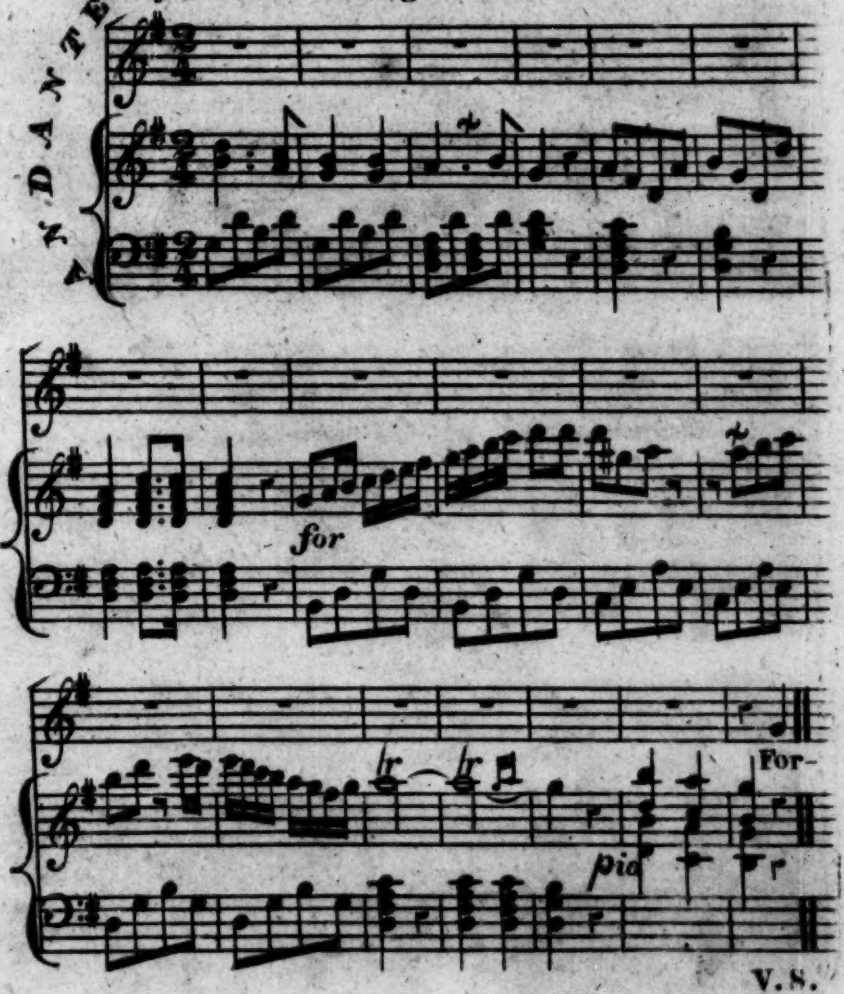
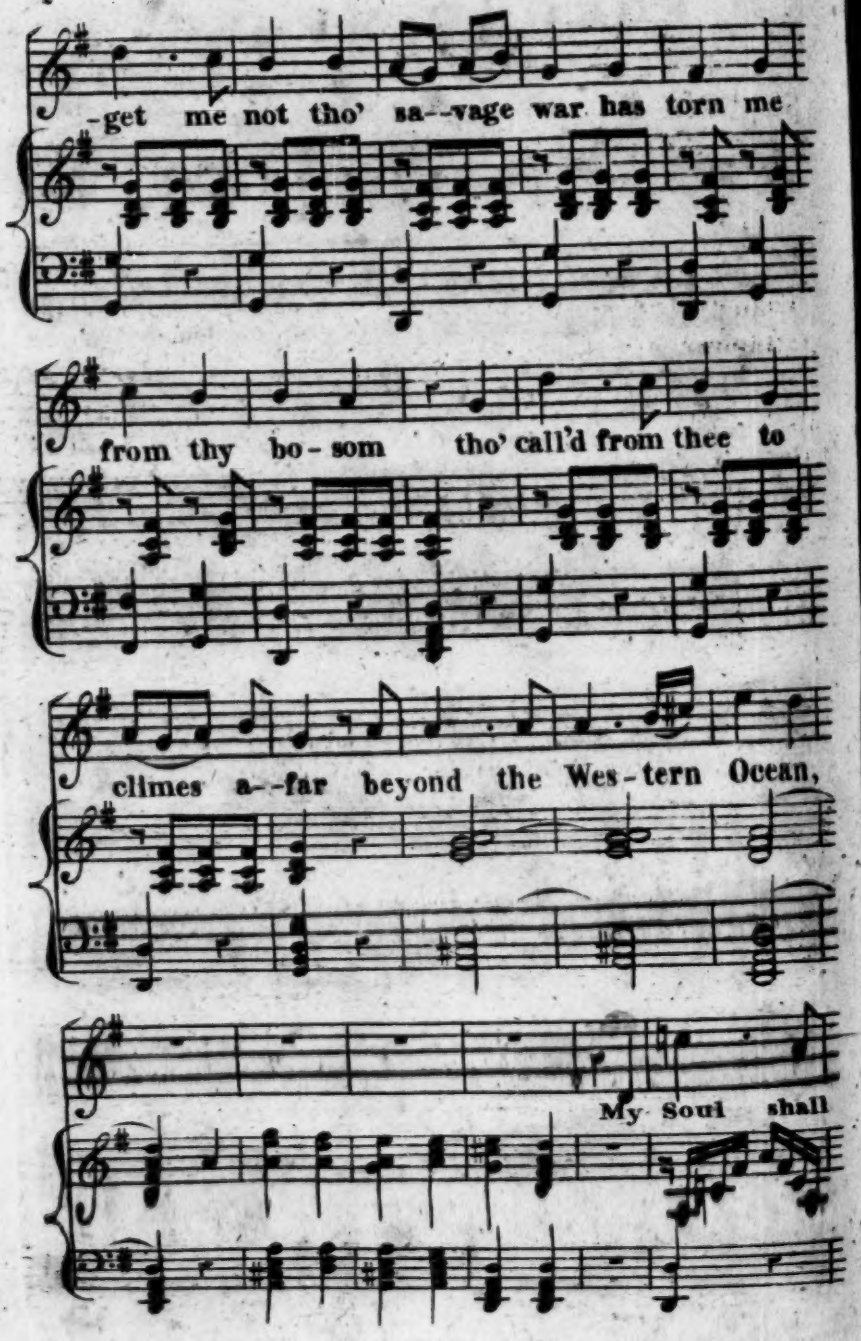
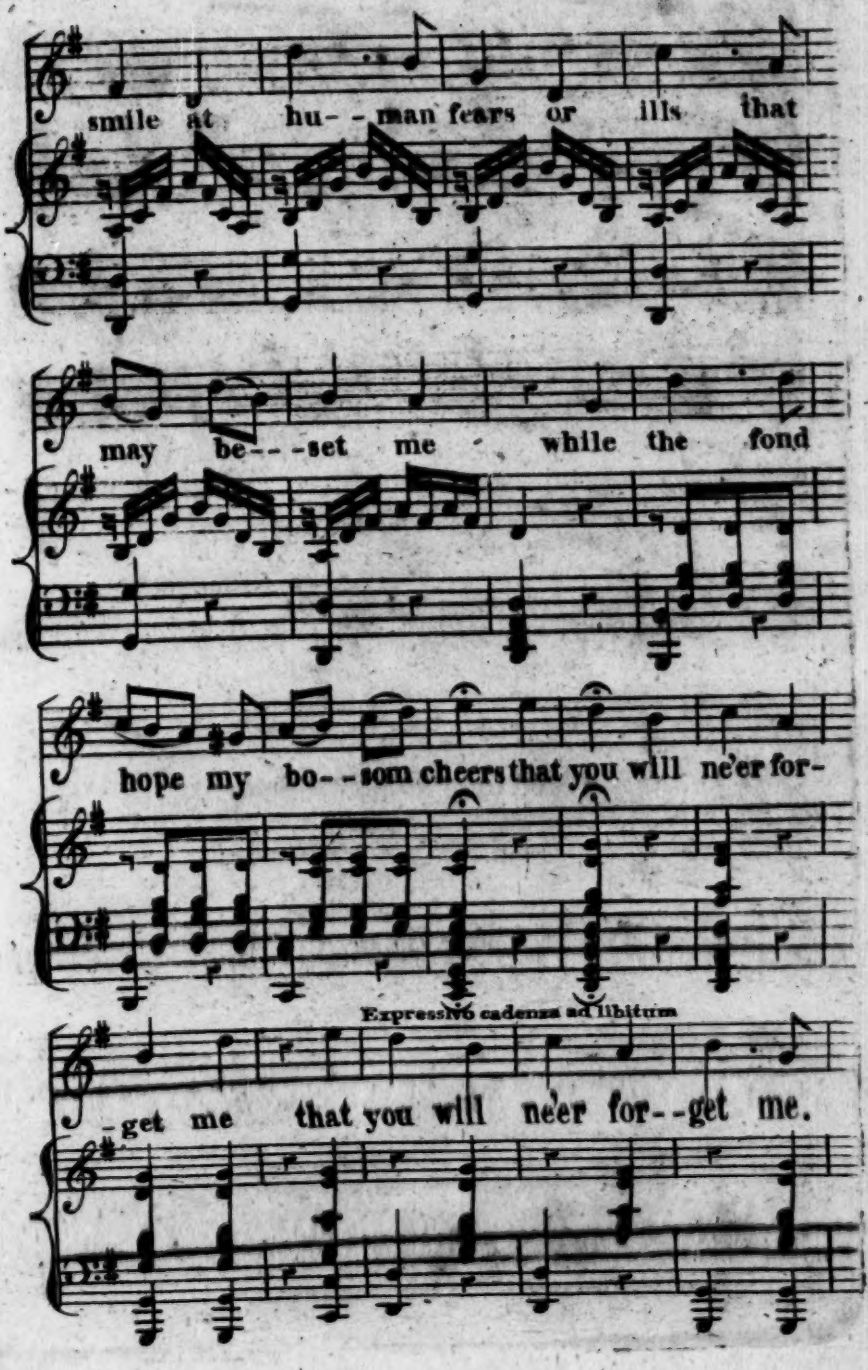
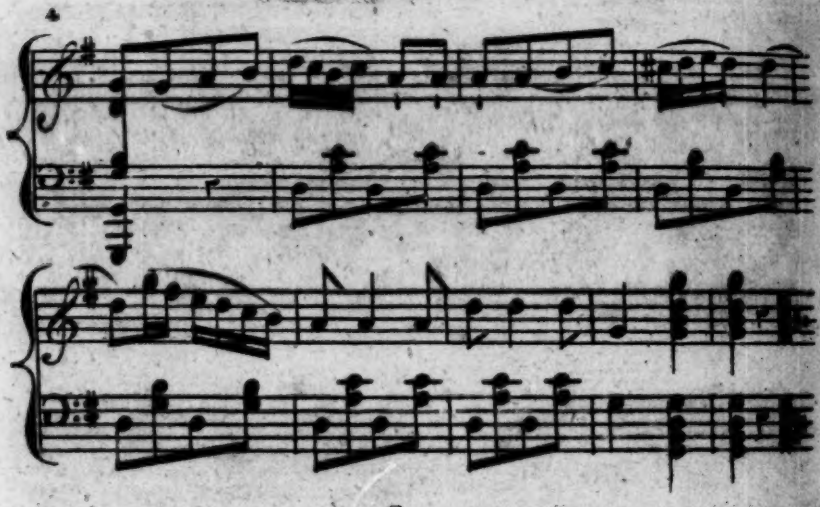



-get me not tho' sa--vage war has torn me
from thy bo-som tho' call'd from thee to
climes a--far beyond the Wes-tern Ocean,
My Soul shall


smile at hu- - man fears or ills that
may be- - -set me while the fond
hope my bo- - som cheers that you will ne'er for-
Expressivo cadenza ad libitum
-get me that you will ne'er for- -get me.



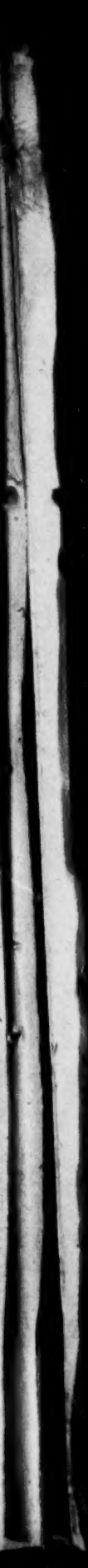
2

Forget me not when festive joy,
Dispelseach trace of Sorrow,
When sparkling mirth your hours employ,
One pensive moment borrow,
To trace the happy hours we've pass'd,
The Scenes where oft you've met me,
Where to my ardent bosom press'd,
You swore you'd ne'er forget me.

3

While ranging at the break of day,
The forrest of Savannah,
I'll hail that Sun whose setting ray,
Still lingers with my Anna,
At eve amid the jovial throng,
I'll let no trouble fret me,
But join the dance or merry song,
In hopes you'll ne'er forget me.

4

Should I receive a fatal wound,
When death like hail flies near me,
E'en thenwhile bleeding on the ground,
With no soft hand to cheer me,
While from me flow'ry prospects fade,
And death's darkshadesawait me,
My dying lips, O fav'rite maid,
Shall breathe Do not forget me.

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